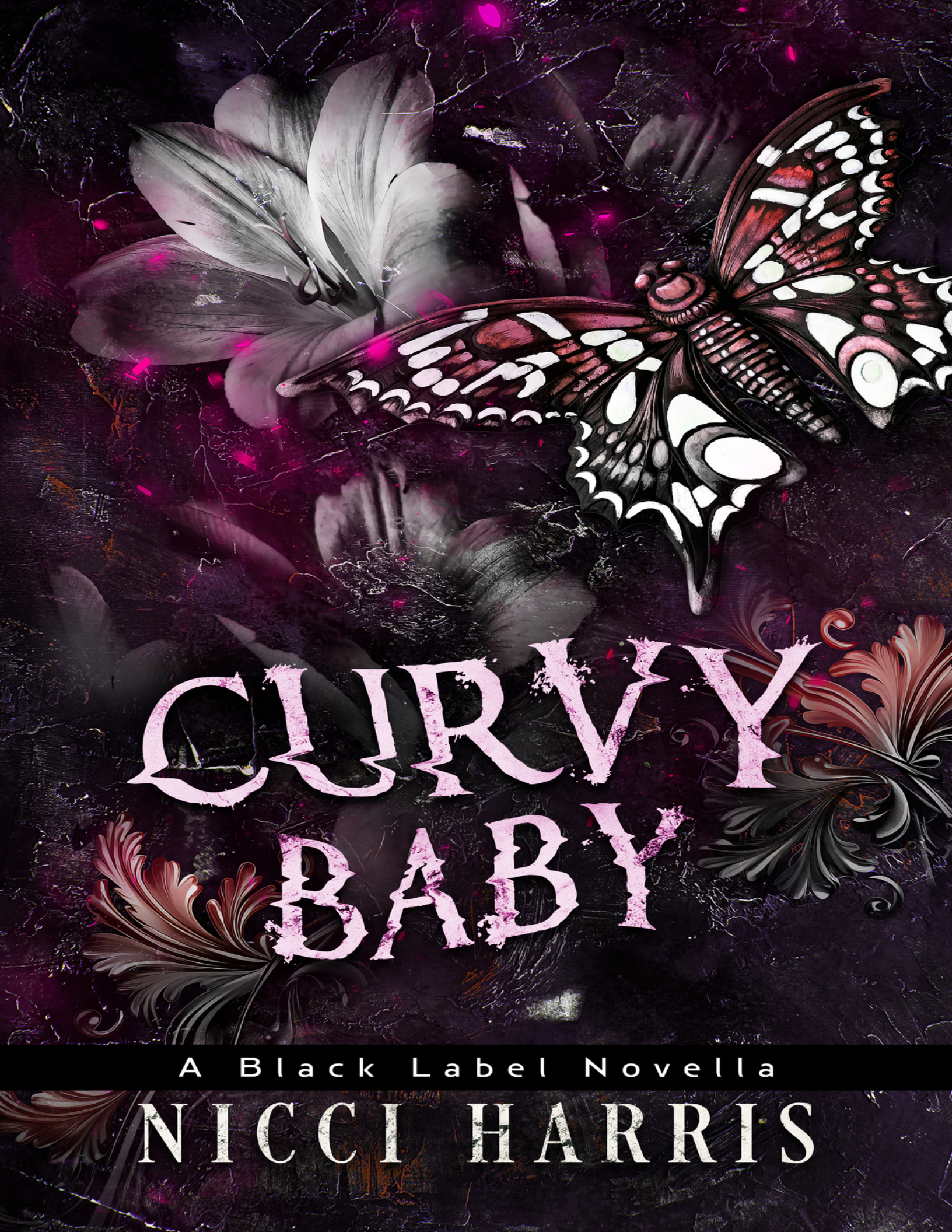
CURVY
BABY
A Black Label Novella
NICCI HARRIS

CURVY BABY

A BLACK LABEL NOVELLA

NICCI HARRIS

INKI PUBLISHING

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Also by Nicci Harris
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A BLACK LABEL NOVELLA

NICCI HARRIS

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ALSO BY NICCI HARRIS

The Kids of The District

Facing Us

Our Thing

Cosa Nostra

Her Way

His Pretty Little Burden

His Pretty Little Queen

Their Broken Legend

The Cradled Common

Born for Silk

Black Label Nicci Harris

CurVy 13

CurVy Forever

CurVy Baby

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PREFACE

If you haven't met me yet, I'm Vallie—the plus-size BookToker who unexpectedly fell for three hot-as-hell men, each with unique differences.

Dexter, a misunderstood billionaire.
Donnie, a grumpy alpha male.
And Tyler, a lovable but completely unhinged golden retriever of a guy.

But how do we make this work? How can we ensure everyone feels happy, loved, and valued? Well, until recently, the oldest brother was behind bars.

Now, he's out and ready to reclaim his place.

I've learned there are four stages to adding a new family member: denial, resistance, exploration, and integration.

With three alpha males in one household, we're sure to navigate all four stages as we strive to create a happy family dynamic.

Wish me luck!

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PROLOGUE

Stage One: Denial

DC Family Connect Incentive System: You have a message request from Dexter Vaughn through the DPC Family Connect Incentive System. Do you accept? Reply Y for yes. N for no. STOP to prevent further requests.

Vallie: Y

DC Family Connect Incentive System: Connected. Please be aware that this chat is recorded and monitored to assist in future prosecutions and hearings.

Dexter: Hey, Baby Girl.

Vallie: Monster! How are you? Are you okay? Did you get my letters and the pictures of Molly? She is such a character.

Dexter: You married him.

Vallie: … Yes.

Dexter: I know we don't know each other well, Baby Girl. But I had hoped that we would get to know each other when I got out.

Vallie: I didn't choose him, Dexter. I chose your family. And we did it for you. So you could have Molly. So we could adopt her. Donnie and I have clean records.

Dexter: He owns you now. A marriage is a contract, Baby Girl. It is binding. Legal. I have spent my life working on contracts, and none of them hold more weight than a marriage.

Vallie: I am committed to your family. To Tyler, as much as Donnie. And to you.

Dexter: If you end up in a coma, he will have the power over your life. If you end up in jail, he will be called first. If you leave him, he will have the means to keep contact forever. If you break the law, he is the only one exempt from taking the stand against you. Must I go on?

Vallie: How am I falling into a coma?

Dexter: Focus, Baby Girl. Are you prepared for this commitment? I know my brothers can be… persuasive.

Vallie: Oh, they are persuasive, alright. And yes. I love him. And I love Tyler. And I love you, you big idiot.

Dexter: That's a very cheeky mouth… hm. Very well.

Vallie: What can I do to make you feel better?

Dexter: Tell me what you're wearing.

Vallie: Tyler's shirt and black leggings.

Dexter: Take it all off.

Vallie: Aren't people watching our messages?

Dexter: For evidence, Baby Girl. Not for pornography. Do you think I am the only prisoner who text-fucks over this system? I can assure you nothing will surprise the guards.

Vallie: Okay. I'll take it off.

Dexter: Go to my room. Close the door. Lock it. Inside my chest of drawers, there is a dildo. It is 8.5 inches. I want it inside you. Lie down on my sheets. I better smell you there when I get out, or you'll be in trouble. Spread those tanned, plump thighs for me. Slide the dildo inside your pussy, close your eyes, and moan MY name. Make sure the entire house hears it.

Vallie: Okay. I am trying. Fuck.

Dexter: Very good girl.

Vallie: Dexter…

Dexter: Oh no, Baby Girl. Not that name.

Vallie: Monster?

Dexter: I am not Monster anymore. Daddy.

Vallie: Fuck.

Dexter: Tyler may be your boyfriend. Donnie may be your husband. But I am your daddy.

Vallie: Oh God.

Dexter: Fuck yourself with my dildo and read my texts.

Vallie: Yes, Daddy.

Dexter: When I get out, I will need you on your knees for me, Baby Girl. I am going to need obedience and tenderness. No sass. No attitude. Now, you are going to be my very good girl. Not Vallie. Not my brother's wife. My Baby Girl.

Vallie: I'm not good at being good, Daddy.

Dexter: You will learn. How deep is my dildo?

Vallie: I'm so wet already.

Dexter: That's because your mouth is the problem. Your body has no brat in it. How deep is my dildo?

Vallie: As deep as I can go.

Dexter: Try harder, Baby Girl. I know you can.

Vallie: Ohhhh….

Dexter: You will be joining me in my hotel room away from my brothers. You will be on your knees, submissive, naked, taking Daddy's cock and cum. And then you will offer me all your holes. I will take my time in each. Deep inside. And when you can no longer stay awake, I will roll you, move you, lick you, and fuck you while you sleep. You will have wet dreams about Daddy's tongue, only they won't be fantasies. I'll be using your body all night.

Vallie: Oh God. Yessss.

Dexter: Yes, what!?

Vallie: Yes, Daddy.

Dexter: Make sure you get my sheets nice and wet, Baby Girl. Take that dildo all the way. Let it fill you until your body gets too hot to stand.

Vallie: I am coming, Daddy. Daddy!

Dexter: Such a good girl. Let my brothers hear you scream for your daddy!

Vallie: Tyler is banging on the door.

Dexter: Good!

Dexter: How do you feel, Baby Girl.

Vallie: Good. So good.

Dexter: Very good. So obedient. Go to Tyler now. Kiss him all better. And let him know that you love him. Tell him I love him, too.

Vallie: And me?

Dexter: I am not going to tell you how I feel for the first time over text, Baby Girl.

Vallie: *Sulks*

Dexter: Give your husband a message from me.

Vallie: ?

Dexter: Your wife is mine the first night I get out. I will be taking her to a hotel so that her moans do not disturb Tyler.

Vallie: *blush* So, that wasn't just a sexting scene? To make me come on your sheets. Imaginary…

Dexter: Oh no. No, no, Baby Girl. That wasn't imaginary. That was an itinerary.

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CHAPTER ONE

DEXTER

Release Day

It is midday by the time I exit the prison. I swing the bag over my shoulder, grip the strap, head high, and walk through the first row of fences, then the second, between dual brick watch towers, and I am free.

That is the last time.

I lift my chin and inhale. The last time. I stride on. I'm following the wall towards the rear parking lot when I hear, "Hey, Monster!"

I stop midstride.

My muscles roll under her voice and her use of the word Monster. A term she gave me when she believed I was one. Perhaps I was. When I was drinking, when I was fucking mouths, paying fifty dollars a pop and not worrying about the person on the end of it. I used women. Like they were holes.

But that is not me.

Not with her.

Daddy…

Scanning the carpark, my eyes land on Tyler, my little brother, first, noting the clarity in his gaze. He is obviously taking his medication. This is

good.

I tear my eyes from him and see Donnie, Vallie, and— I look down… Molly. The reason I spent five months in prison. The little girl I picked up outside her abusive mother's house with no devious intentions. Drunk out of my mind. Not thinking. Single-minded. I just wanted to repay the favour. She had brought me water once when I was passed out in my own piss and vomit. I wanted to return the kindness. I only wished to offer her food—she was far too skinny—a shower and new clothes. Not the dirty ones she lived in each day.

Christ.

And I can barely recognise her.

My hand comes to my mouth, my brows pitch above burning eyes. She is clean, a peach summer dress dangling to her calves. Her cheeks are round and rosy.

I clear my throat when Tyler begins to jog towards me. Always has to be first. My baby brother. I have to make it up to him, too. For all the years I was absent, drunk, careless, and neglectful. I can do that now.

I can guide him now.

Support him on his path to greatness.

He collides with me, and I wrap my arms around him, holding him, using my entire body to convey how I feel, how sorry I am, how I'll show him the new me.

The sober me.

Who is present.

"Hey, Ty." I squeeze. "You seem good."

"Clear as a diamond!" Tyler confirms.

"With a few inclusions," Vallie adds, joining his side.

"I'm *Clair de Lune* right now, Vallie Baby," Tyler says over my shoulder. "Smooth and in harmony."

"Dex." I hear Donnie's deep voice summon me.

I release Ty and half embrace Donnie, tapping him on the back twice because a full-blown hug isn't our thing.

"We have to talk," Donnie says by my ear.

"Not tonight," I state, not wanting to get into a debate about Vallie, Molly, or who they belong to.

Not right now.

“No, not tonight,” he agrees in a curt and unreadable tone. It means business, either way. Vallie is his wife, and I am going to have her begging for her daddy’s big cock… He knows it. I’m not sure if Ty does, but by the smile on his face, I’d wager not. “Tomorrow. When you get back from the hotel.”

Pulling back, our eyes meet, and his seem softer. His frown is not so weaved. Jaw not so tight with buried disdain. For a grumpy arsehole, he sure is fucking selfless. He has done everything for Tyler and our business, while I was too busy drinking and gambling. Now, it appears Vallie looks after him. That must be the gentleness I see in his expression. Or maybe…

It's his new little girl.

His… not mine.

I ignore Vallie because if I look too hard at those curves, well, it’s been five months, and I don’t want a hard-on right now. So, I squat before Molly.

Huddled to Vallie’s leg, gripping her hand. Uncertain.

“Hello,” I say. “Do you remember me?”

She nods once. “Yes, Mister.”

“You don’t have to call me that, Molly.”

“Okay.”

“Dexter is fine.”

She smiles softly. “We are getting McDonald’s for lunch. I get the Happy Meal. It comes with a toy.”

“That sounds delicious,” I say without thinking. A smirk hits my lips, my eyes darting to watch the crawling blush on Vallie’s neck.

I return my gaze to Molly and *quickly*. I didn’t intend for that word to be heated with an innuendo for Vallie. Clearly, I need to get something out of my system.

“May I join you?” I try again.

Molly’s brows knit. “What else would you do?”

I laugh and rise to my feet. “Very true.”

“Are you driving?” I ask Molly.

She giggles, the sweet sound skittering into my heart. “I can’t drive. I’m not a *neetager*.”

“Of course. Neither am I.” Finally, I look at Vallie, her blush glowing beneath her soft cheeks. “Hello, Baby Girl.”

Her eyes dart around, thinking. “Hi.”

Her blush grows.

Over the following seconds, I stare into her big brown eyes, noting speckles of caramel in their depths that I hadn't noticed before. Or maybe I wasn't paying enough attention. The sun brings forward the smaller details of her face: eyebrows that are both brown and blonde, a hole in her nose where a piercing once was, dark eyelashes that curl perfectly but for the far right one where they loop around and brush her eyelid.

Molly grabs my hand and draws my attention. I snap myself out of my daze and look down at her. She has golden hair, just like Vallie, but hers is natural.

"I'll show you the car," she says, guiding me through the car park to the black SUV, and we head away from the prison.

Five months is not my longest stint, but this time did feel different. Worse and better. I felt more yearning, more regret—but more hope.

Then, we pass a tavern…

The only good thing about prison is that it keeps my alcohol addiction somewhat sleepy. No bars. No neon bottle shop signs. No commercials. No options. No way.

Fourteen.

On the drive to McDonald's, I hold Molly's hand in my lap and count fourteen different triggers that force sweat to mist my forehead, my muscles to twitch, fingers to flex as if to hold the bottle, and my skin to crawl with discomfort.

Fifteen.

Sixteen.

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Chapter Two

Vallie

My eyes scroll through the article on my phone.

‘The first few months outside were harder than the time they spent inside. Dealing with people and feeling like you don’t fit or can’t relate can be overwhelming.’

In privacy, I have been frequenting chat forums on my phone. The one I am focused on right now is titled, “Surviving the Outside; Life after Prison.”

My main focus has been on the chapter about the integration of families after a member is released. There are four stages to deal with when changing a family dynamic to fit another member. The first is denial, and the second is resistance. Thirdly, exploration, and finally integration.

I smooth Molly’s blonde hair down her back and play with the ends as she snoozes on my lap.

It has only been a few months, but it feels as if I have loved her my entire life. I am not sure how that is even possible; it isn’t. Still, I love her so much that it is hard to imagine I ever didn’t.

I wasn’t sure I wanted children. Was never overly maternal. Not having a great relationship with my folks meant I knew I would be parenting without a ‘village.’

Boy, was I wrong.

It's a weird, deranged village, but it's devoted. Tyler and Donnie are so hands-on; half the time, the only issue is *who* will shower her highness with attention. Adopting Molly was somewhat impulsive and desperate…

I watch her eyelids flicker. I smile. Now, I want as many children as my body will give me.

A goodnight lullaby flows from the television, while a few rooms away, Tyler accompanies the same song on the piano. It is our routine.

Molly has no idea that as soon as she is deep asleep, I am going to slide out from under her, Donnie will take her to her room, and I will leave the house to meet Dexter. *That* is not the usual routine… We have to help him figure out how much he wants to take on and where he fits into our strange *village.*

So far, it's been awkward. Odd. Sad, even. Donnie noticed Dexter was unsettled today. I could tell; it was in Donnie's eyes, always looking through things, even people, at cogs, trying to fix the problem—which is Donnie.

But Tyler was too stimulated by the day. He has been waiting to have his big brother back, whether said brother is ready or not. Tyler charges at life; I hope he doesn't get too disappointed during the teething of our new village. Dexter is not the kind of man to slot into place—he rearranges.

And that might not go down well.

He is at the hotel already. We dropped him off after McDonald's. He didn't talk much.

I look at the article again. My eyes find a paragraph that makes me sigh. *'Small talk doesn't happen much in prison, and it can take time to learn what to talk about and how to chat.'*

Maybe I can help with that…

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CHAPTER THREE

DEXTER

I look at my gold Rolex as I wait on the balcony. The city is a living, breathing thing that rushes around the hotel, making itself known with dashing lights, horns and hollers, vehicle fumes, and the occasional wisp of tobacco.

This was the same yesterday.

But I was not.

I smooth my tie down my shirt.

The city, Vallie, Donnie, and Tyler lived, and built, and progressed, and moved, while I was in a stalled state.

I sip my espresso on ice. Pretend I don't wish it was whiskey or wine.

An ambulance siren pierces the atmosphere. I lean over. The lights cut through the flood of cars that are bumper to bumper.

My phone chimes.

> Donnie: She is on her way up. She wanted this. I did not. Let me make that clear.

Crystal.

I stand and walk inside.

It's too much activity.

I finish the coffee and set the empty glass on the marble coffee table before I turn back to close the balcony sliding doors, draw the curtains, and lock the public world outside.

A ping from the elevator has my head snapping to the side, on edge. A side effect of the past five months. Guards entering whenever they please.

I stride toward the elevator as it opens, revealing a stunning curvaceous blonde in a tight black ankle-length dress that cuts low and tight across her cleavage, nearly spilling two plump globes over the seam.

Christ.

"Wow, penthouse, fancy…" she says, peering past me and across the top-floor two-bedroom penthouse suite I had refurbished with lush cream carpets, gold trimmings and marble accents only a month ago. She looks back at me and blushes as I gawk. "You said to look nice, right?"

I told her to wear a nice dress, but I forgot those curves cannot be tamed, cannot be unadulterated. "You have indecent curves, Baby Girl. It is any surprise that Tyler let you leave the house like that."

She chews on her lip, shame in her darting brown gaze. "*Well*, we actually didn't tell Tyler. He gets in these zones now that he is playing the piano again. He can just play and play for several hours. I have to go in and physically snap him out of it. It is like he's in a different realm. Lost."

"He sees the music." I open the door, and she walks into the hotel room. I stare at her arse, lifting and dropping as she moves. "Did you know?"

She smiles, spinning to face me, awe touching her lips. "Really? That's special. He is so special."

"Yes. It is called chromesthesia."

I open my arm to direct her gaze to the dining room table lit with two candles, already set with two plates sealed with steel lids, steam dancing from the small hole in the centre.

"You didn't have to do this," she says, and I realise how unnatural we both feel when she fidgets with her dress. Not at all like before. Stagnant, almost. I need a fucking drink. That is what I need. I haven't even touched her yet; maybe I need to grab her and remind her who I am.

You won't let go…

I remain calm.

"Actually, I did." I walk to the table, pull out her chair, and after she sits, I move to the chair opposite her. "I need to make sure you're fed." I

feel my cock thickening, all my intent playing out across my face when I narrow my eyes at her. “I need you hydrated.”

She swallows, and I follow the roll of her throat, imagining how deep my cock will be in less than an hour from now. I look at her eyes again. Really look. “Last time we were all together, I wasn’t quite myself. I had only been dry for a few weeks. I didn’t know if I’d ever see you again, or them. I’d hoped, of course. But I knew I only had a few days with you, so I didn’t want to waste them on dynamics.” I clear my throat. “I wanted more for you and us from the start. I was wild with the need to get inside you. Things are different now. I’m not like my brothers. I need you to know that this is me, Baby Girl. The man who will spoil you. Dinners. Dresses. Diamonds. Events. Travel. You’re Mrs Vaughn. And that is my role in this. But…” I run my thumb across my lower lip while I eye-fuck her spilling tits. She squirms in her seat, and I wonder if when she stands up, she will leave a trail of moisture from her wet pussy. “You’re a brat,” I go on. “Your mouth is a real problem.”

She sneers, and my cock twitches. “Excuse me, ‘my mouth is a problem?’”

“Please”—I gesture across the table to her plate— “eat. It’ll help with your mood.”

She begins to mutter, “Condescending prick,” and then I lift the silvery lid, and the scent of steak hits her, silencing her bratty mutters.

I smirk.

“It does smell good,” she admits, adding a punch to her tone to show me she’s not happy. “Don’t think I won’t bite that smirk again.” Attitude. Sass. Nevertheless, she begins to eat her filet mignon, and I clasp my fingers together and watch her.

“You look stunning, Baby Girl. I am a very lucky man.”

She can’t stifle the blush. Her body likes my praise.

“You look…” She pauses to scan my suit. “Powerful. And handsome,” she says, roaming my fifteen-thousand-dollar attire, from my crown to my tattooed fingers. She looks back at my face. “I don’t know what it is about tall, dark-haired men with blue eyes, but it’s a formula that never fails.”

“Neither does tanned skin, bleached blonde hair, dark eyelashes, big brown eyes, and obscene curves, Baby Girl.”

She swallows a piece of steak and sighs contently around it. Yep, women can be soothed by three things: praise, food, and orgasms. “Are you

okay, Dexter?" she asks. "Do you have a plan now?"

I lean back and smooth down my tie. "Take my place in my family's company." I smirk at her. "Take my place in your life. In Tyler's. Get him straight. Back in the orchestra."

Vallie's brows weave. "He said he has a record. No one would hire him."

"I can be convincing."

"He doesn't want that, though. He is happy being his own musician. Writing his own pieces."

"For whom to listen to?"

"Us. Molly. Me."

"Tyler needs guidance."

"Tyler is happy being a dad."

I frown at her backchatting lips and lower my hand to my crotch, palming my erection. I had forgotten how protective she is of Tyler. How possessive she is. They are co-dependent.

"We'll see."

"Ugh. You're a patronising fuck."

I smirk. "I know. And watch your pretty mouth." Visible heat paints a trail from her breasts to her neck as I rub myself and groan. I plant my hands back on the table. "Tell me about your wedding?" I ask. They sent me photos of the small affair, both my brothers dressed in charcoal suits. I recognised Quinn and a few other faces, and an old lady I didn't.

"I sent you the photos." She smiles and looks at her wedding ring, rolling it with her thumb, the various cuts meeting the light, sparkling beautifully. "It was nice. Weird." She giggles. "But, of course, it was. It was a weird situation."

I deadpan. "Indeed."

"Don't be like that. We did it for you. So, we could adopt Molly. Marriage was the thing that cemented us as a stable couple with a secure home for her. That with the mother's signature…" She shrugs. "The courts had no reason to deny us rights."

I hum, my muscles uncomfortably affected by envy. I wanted that. Wanted Molly and Vallie. "For tonight," —I roll my shoulders— "let's just get you ready."

She enjoys most of her meal and reluctantly drinks two glasses of water, bathes, and moisturises. Now, she is standing before me with a white towel

around her body.

“Drop the towel, Baby Girl.” I loosen my tie and feel my eyes darken. “I have seen what is under it. Show me my obedient, pretty body for the night.”

She lifts her hand and opens her mouth, overcome by obvious nerves. “I’m not a prude. I have done things with your brothers I cannot spell, but you’re intimidating me right now, Dexter.”

Poor, sweet thing.

Smoothly, I move towards her, eyes like arrows that puncture through her flesh. The room is lit only by candles, and the dancing flames move in seductive waves across her lovely round figure.

“Dexter?” she murmurs, shuffling.

I circle her, and she freezes.

Reaching out, I pull the towel away from her body, unravelling it to reveal smooth curves and thick thighs that need to be spread wide to see her wet core, pinned down to cushion my hard thrusts. This woman is made for fucking. For bruising. “I did promise you once that I would soon see my finger marks dotting these thighs.” I continue around her, taking in every supple inch, sliding my fingers along her belly as I go. All woman. Short. Full. Gorgeous. “I did warn you what to expect. What is your safe word, Baby Girl?”

She cranes her neck to meet my eyes, whipping her head around to follow me as I prowl her perimeter like a wolf outside a rabbit’s warren. “I don’t have one.

“You don’t have one?” I tsk.

“Donnie and Tyler don’t usually ask for consent.”

“Well, that isn’t acceptable. I have never been very good at taking no for an answer, but if I’m going to be your daddy, I will need your consent, Baby Girl. And Donnie should know better. Choose one.”

“Lemon.”

“That was quick.” Tension builds inside me. I crack my knuckles. “Have you had one with other men?”

“No.” She shakes her head, staring at my fists as I work out the surge of possessiveness. “I read a lot of spicy romance books. I read that one somewhere and liked it.”

“Do you want levels?” I ask, moving to sit on the leather sofa, spreading my thighs and leaning back. I remain completely clothed in my suit while

she is completely vulnerable. “Slow down? Stop and offer care?”

“No.” She breathes. “Just lemon.”

My cock pulses at my thigh as I ask, “What do you call me, Baby Girl?”

She swallows. “Daddy?” She tries the term out, her voice softening, sweetening, and my cock thickens further down my thigh.

“*Yes*.” I narrow my vision on her and unlatch my belt with one hand, leaving the leather tails hanging open at the zipper. “And you’ll be a very good girl for your daddy. Tonight, you’re going to show me obedience. It is what Daddy needs, Baby Girl, after being locked up. Give me consent now, and I will start and not stop for anything short of *lemon*.”

“I consent.”

“Drop to your knees.”

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CHAPTER FOUR

VALLIE

Fuck, he is hot.

And domineering.

"Drop to your knees."

I gasp, my heart thrashing with nerves while my pussy clenches around nothing, begging to have pressure. To be full. Donnie debases me. He takes. I let him—*want* him to. But I very rarely *submit* to him… *Do I?* I used to pretend to be obedient for fear of my life, but as soon as I no longer feared them, that stopped.

Donnie is still an arsehole, and I love every jerk inch. Tyler is my baby, my sweet lunatic boy. But this… The fact that I don't know Dexter that well adds to the dangerous feeling playing with my nerves. Alone. Submitting?

Will I like it?

"The carpet is extra soft in this room." He grins, two creases that denote his age form around one corner.

I damn near flood the 'extra soft carpets.' Older men are just… a whole other level of hot.

"Just for my Baby Girl's precious, soft knees."

I scoff, but it's a nervous sound, not bratty. "How did you manage that?"

"I had it replaced a month ago."

“This is your hotel?”

“It is the company’s hotel.”

This man is too much, rich in every sense of the word—rich with danger, power, and money.

“If I have to ask you one more time there will be consequences for you.”

“What consequences?”

His stare penetrates me, somehow taking hold of my defiant legs and buckling them. My knees give out, and immediately I feel more vulnerable. If I crawl… my boobs will hang, and so will my belly… I can’t. The thought has me wrapping my arms around my breasts, my mind totally defeating my confidence.

He stands, and I gasp, ready to climb to my feet, but not before he strides over and scoops me into his arms to show me he can. He can lift me—with ease. He adjusts me in his grip, my naked curves crushed to his expensive suit. I almost feel bad… What is wrong with me! A man like this can have anyone. Supermodels. Perfect hourglasses. Perfect… twigs, with perky tits—

Before my mind can continue, I realise he has sat back down on the sofa with me on his lap, my back to his torso.

God, he smells good. Musky. Woody. Cologne dipped in… I don’t know, something expensive and rare.

Unicorn jizz, or something.

I’m losing it.

I giggle in his arms, shocked, heart racing, nerves rattling me, but then his hot breath hits my neck.

“Spread your legs on Daddy’s lap so I can show you the consequences of your defiance, Baby Girl.”

My nervous laughter only continues. *What the hell?* “Don’t I get a spanking? Isn’t that what I get?”

He palms my upper thigh, a motion that demands I spread them. I do. Heat hits my ears, and I start to pant.

And then he cups my pussy.

Cradling it, he kneads his palm into the flesh, spreading all my moisture around my folds.

Fuck me. I lift off his lap, chasing the pressure, but at the same time, he slaps my swelling core. Hard!

I cry out and then moan.

"That was for your defiance." His voice drops deeper with authority and warning. "I want you to know I do not enjoy punishing you, Baby Girl."

I squeeze my eyes shut.

My back presses into his torso harder.

He slaps my wet folds again, cupping, kneading, and then spanking. Cup. Knead. Spank. Jolting pleasure and pain through me, disarming my fight or flight, confusing me, he disciplines me with slaps to my pussy until I can no longer stand the sting or pleasure or—

A moan and cry fills my throat.

He stops and soothes, his palm making circles, and I come on his hand without a second more of build-up, relief flooding my core, my pussy weeping on his palm, my hips rocking against the cradle of his hand.

His heated breath, mint and coffee, rushes through my hair. "And those were for your self-depreciation. Daddy will decide if you're sexy or not." He slaps my pussy once more—a wet, sloppy smack—as my orgasm rushes from me. Embarrassment rises through my entire being.

I bite my lower lip to not respond.

"That's my good girl," he approves. "Enjoy my attention. Do not question it."

I open my eyes just as he lifts his hand, bringing it back behind me, where I hear him licking his palm—the one that slapped my wet folds.

Jesus Christ.

And *fuck me.*

I'm not ready for this man.

"I don't actually think this is funny," I say through more nervous laughter. *Stop fucking laughing!* "I don't know why I was, erm, am laughing. I'm not sure—"

"You do not need to fill the silence with words. Speak if you wish. I want your words when they matter. But for now…" He pushes me forward to my knees between his thighs. "Turn around. Listen, learn, and lick my cock."

Blinking at the floor, I shuffle around to face him. With a small swallow, I peer up at the flawless man in a powerful, tailored suit.

He reaches between his thighs and touches my cheek, brushing his finger along the hot, flushing skin. "Your giggles are soothing you, Baby

Girl. You will stop giggling when you relax. You will relax when you submit."

I inhale his words and blink.

"There it is," he purrs, leaning backwards and lifting his hips to draw my attention to the open brown-leather belt and the luscious felt covering his erection. "Make your mouth nice and warm, nice and wet for Daddy's cock, Baby Girl."

Immediately, my mouth waters for him. I cannot believe he can get both my holes wet just by asking.

Lifting to my knees, I reach for his top button and zipper. Reaching between the material of his underwear, I draw out his heavy cock. I have had this in my pussy, and in my hand but have not yet tasted it.

I lick my lips and lean down to show him how good I am at this, to show off. I suck the head between my lips, lathering the warm crown with saliva.

"Very good. Slow. Easy."

I let it pop out and glare at him. "I know what I am doing! This is where I shine."

His blue eyes dilate. Darken. "And yet, I am still telling you what to do. You're too eager to get me off. Fast. Used to my brothers. Do as you're told, Baby Girl. And drop that attitude, or I will use my belt on your pussy next time."

He what?

My eyes widen. "Sorry…"

"Sorry, what?"

"Sorry…" I take a deep breath. "*Daddy*."

My pussy squeezes.

Oh, I like that.

"We are in no hurry," he groans as I lick his shaft slowly, gently tracing each long vein with my eager tongue.

I feel him reach for me while I lick, but refrain from sucking. Which now that I am conscious of it, is actually a feat. I want to suck, like a kind of anxious response, but he wants me to settle, enjoy, submit…

Closing my eyes, I feel his warm, strong fingers feed into my hair. Brush through the blonde strands.

"You can be more than one thing, Baby Girl. You were right. You are enough woman for us all. You can be Tyler's playmate, Donnie's wife, and

my baby girl. You're so important to my family. You will keep us together. We have never been together, not since we were children."

He widens his knees, and I press my breasts to the sofa, calm and content between them.

"That's very good. Now suck the crown of Daddy's cock. Nice and slow. Roll it around between your lips. Show Daddy how good he tastes."

I squirm against the effect of his raspy utterance. Doing as I am told. I mouth the swollen, flushed head, and his cock jerks between my lips.

"*Yes*." He shuffles forward and uses his hand to direct my mouth. "Now let me take control. Your mouth is mine to use. Daddy needs you, Baby Girl, to suck the tension from his veins." His breathing shudders out, and he begins to bob my head down slow and leisurely, over his shaft until my nose meets his neat pubic hair. A rumble fills his throat, stilling me over him while I drool around the long, thick cock channelling down my throat. My eyes snap open. He pulls me up a second before my body nearly spasms to break free. "That's right. I know what you need." With a small break at the smooth tip, I lick and hum. My thighs are soaked from my pussy, the flesh tingling for release, pressure, attention. Anything. I am so damn aroused.

"Daddy needs more." He drags me down his cock again, holding me there. This time, he lifts his hips, short, deep thrusts that draw growls up his throat. "Fuck, Baby Girl. Your submission means everything to me."

He moves, cupping my cheeks, palms clutching with dominance, and works himself inside me. Slides through the pulsing confinements of my throat, he stays deep, no more than an inch of movement in or out. He is so controlled. So all-encompassing. So gentle, yet commanding.

"*Daddy*." I groan around his cock; the vibration of my helpless arousal causes his length to thicken and fill. He shudders. Tensing, directing, clutching harder at my cheeks, he comes with a deep, praise-filled groan. "Fuck. Good girl. Daddy's very clever girl."

I stare up at him, dressed in his suit, sleeves folded at his elbows, forearm veins protruding, cock thrumming against my tongue, brows weaved above hooded eyes, mouth open, panting—pleasure a blanket across his expression.

Watching him come down from his orgasm, I lick him clean and squirm. Needy.

“You did such a good job on Daddy’s cock.” He lifts his head and tucks his cock back inside his pants but leaves the tails of his belt open. “Now, crawl to the bed in the centre of the room, climb on it, and lie on your back. I need to reward you. I can smell your discomfort on my carpet, and I need to taste it, too.”

This time, I crawl towards the bed and climb on without hesitation, remembering, “Daddy will decide if you’re sexy or not.” I tell my mind it isn’t up to me to judge. It isn’t my decision whether he finds me sexy—it is his. My shoulders loosen. Weight lifts.

I lie on my back, setting my hands on my belly.

He walks over to the foot and stops.

I hold my breath.

“Spread your thighs. Show me your soaking wet pussy. The one my brothers like to fuck and lick.”

His words send a shiver through me.

Hairs rise along my skin as I plant my feet on the mattress and spread my thighs for him. I don’t lift my head to see him. I stare at the ceiling and pant, nerves making the air thick and hard to inhale.

“You want to know if you’re sexy, Baby Girl?”

“Yes, please, Daddy,” I admit, realising I need to hear it.

“You have an obscenely sexy figure, round in all the ways I like, with a wet, tight, puffy pussy. Exactly what Daddy wants.” My core clutches, forcing moisture to slide down my thighs. “Now, that’s a lovely reaction to my words.”

Kneeling at the end of the bed, he reaches between my legs and drags my hips to the end of the mattress. The cool air becomes a wet, warm mouth on my pussy. I moan, thanking God for his mouth. Dexter licks in an exploratory way, rolling his tongue between each crease, feeling the folds and valleys. He hums when I shiver, a small stream sliding from inside me. After his gentle licks subdue me, washing me with warmth from my tippy-toes to my forehead, he sucks my clit into his mouth.

“Oh!”

I push further into the mattress.

“Oh, Daddy.”

My leg jerks by his face, and he catches it, only to trace the length with his fingers to my hip and back to my ankle. It’s *nice.* The gentle caress, paired with the relentless suction, washes me into pleasure. I wriggle

around his face, coming to the perfect balance of intensity and peace. Smiling, my orgasm continues softly, a lovely butterfly of pleasure that tingles in my nerves.

I am rolling with a pool of warm desire in my core, sloshing and wonderful when he stands and removes his clothing. My eyes want to close and feel but, seeing this powerful enigma of a man slowly removing his shirt and pants, revealing long, lean muscles, is too addictive a vision to ignore.

He crawls over me, threading an arm under my waist, aiding him as he drags me up the bed with him. Our lips are so close. He leans in and feathers my mouth, sharing gentle wisps of air. Then, his tongue bridges the gap. Licks. I moan at his taste, coffee, mint, *me*. I spread my legs for him, and he pushes inside me and. I. Damn. Cry. Out.

I need this pressure. Stretch. "Oh, *yes*."

"Fuck, Baby Girl. Your cunt is wild."

I realise I am squeezing and clenching and demanding, crazed for more, just more… But then I stop.

"Wait," I say against his lips. "You should know. I'm not on birth control anymore. We took it out."

His lips slide out. "Are you ovulating, Baby Girl?"

"Yes. I should start tonight or tomorrow."

"And you want a baby?"

"We were going to…" I pause. "Try-to-not-try."

"Let's get Daddy's cum inside you then," he growls with a wild upward thrust, knocking me towards the bed frame. I grab his muscular shoulders, feeling them roll with tension and delight as he starts to really move.

Oh. My. God.

This. This… Every motion of his hips between my thighs is for both of us, choreographed to rub all the sensitive spots inside and out. Meticulous.

Consistent.

"Do you like Daddy's fat cock inside you?" He fucks like a billionaire manages his business, with control, with concentration, with passion.

I'm in a blissful haze of sensation. "*Yes*."

Before too long, I am spasming around his cock as he squeezes through the grip of my pussy and draws out again at the perfect pace. As I come, my thighs are coils of muscles, my abdomen is locked, pleasure riding my racing blood to every inch of my body.

“*Christ*, your pussy has a mind of its own!”

And I feel his hot cum jet into me, hear grunts punch from his throat.

He finishes and drops his forehead into the crook of my neck. Hot breath fans my hair.

“Full of my cum, Baby Girl. Do you like it? Now we sleep like this. With you crushed beneath me. Safe. Keeping my cock warm. And when I grow inside you, I will use your pussy to finish again. Do you consent to Daddy using your body all night long? Even while you’re asleep?”

I close my eyes. Exhausted. “Yes, Daddy.”

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Chapter Five

Tyler: Donnie!

Donnie: I know what you're thinking. Don't do it.

Tyler: He's had her toooo long. We have had her all to ourselves! I thought I'd be okay... I'm not.

Donnie: She wanted this. It is only one night.

Tyler: But she might need me. I'm not okay. I'm losing it. She'll be fine. She's happy, right? She wants this, right? Donnie?

Tyler: Donnie!

Donnie: Jerk off.

Tyler: I have! I can't come!

Donnie: Fucksake.

Tyler: I'm in. I'm gonna! Grr.

Donnie: Give the Pup her playtime.

Tyler: He's gonna get her pregnant!

Donnie: We have nearly the same DNA, Ty. We're identical. We have twice as much chance of getting her pregnant. As long as you and I fuck the Pup every chance we get, then we are both the father. You understand that, right? Paternity tests can’t find the difference in our DNA.

Tyler: I'm gonna kidnap her for us then.

Donnie: Tyler. Stop. Big breath. Put the phone down. Wrap one hand around your cock and the other around your throat and choke both until you either come or pass out. It'll be okay, Ty.

Tyler: Okay, Donnie.

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CHAPTER SIX

DONNIE

I suck my cigarette. Tobacco mixes with my morning coffee. The ember chews a path towards my lips under the strength of my inhale. An anxious, fast piano ballad comes from inside the house as I watch Molly dash through the sprinklers carefree. When Tyler is in a state, he plays and has the clarity to stay away from our daughter.

She is perceptive beyond her years.

Perhaps survival trauma from an alcoholic mother and a life surrounded by strangers and depravity. She has no concerns now. I see to that. She has safety, space, pretty dresses, cartoons, school, attention, love, and dance.

Tyler thinks she is going to be a pop star.

Up on stage, singing about her skater-boy boyfriend. Well, *hell no.* She can sing about ponies and Jesus. No boyfriends. No boys… Not even as friends.

No girls, either—

I inhale the tobacco until my lips singe against the heat of the burning cherry. Dropping it in the ashtray, I lean on the back porch and watch her golden hair flap in the wind, her face scrunching when the sprinkler hits it.

Will Dexter fit into our lives?

Or change them?

Fucker.

Jealousy and protectiveness wrap my muscles in knots. It is already a balancing act, parenting as a threesome. Were Dexter and Tyler not my brothers, I would take Molly and Vallie and hide them away. But I can't live without Tyler, my soul's severed and deranged half, and I can't bear Dexter's isolation, so I will share. But never like this again.

I understand he needed one night with her to connect without me or Tyler. Never again. *One night.* One. Damn. Night. From now on, my family will stay home where I can get to them. In this house. I'll never let anyone take her away again. Under these circumstances, I will share the only woman I have ever loved, the only one I've ever met capable of loving us all equally.

Me a bit more…

Arrogant, I know.

"Watch me." Molly suddenly giggles, pulling me from my musings and forcing a small grin to my lips. "Dad. Watch me."

Dad.

She has changed the very fibres of my soul. I didn't even want her. Not really. Tyler and Vallie did, and I gave them whatever they wanted.

Our relationship started slower.

She loved Vallie from day one and stared in awe at Tyler's antics, but one night, when a storm hit, and a tree branch began to scratch at her window like wiry fingers from her past, she became my daughter.

I was outside having a cigarette when I saw her perched on the windowsill, staring at the twiggy fingers on the glass, barely blinking, as if her attention would prevent them from grabbing her.

She sobbed softly. Alone.

She never cried out for Vallie or Tyler or, expected help. It was then that I realised help and security was so foreign to this little girl that she didn't even realise that was a parent's role in her life. I remembered the day I called her a stupid little girl—before I knew her. Or cared. I hated that those words came from my mouth.

My entire being flooded with responsibility in that moment.

Needed her to know she was safe.

I'm not sure what came over me… my heart just drowned. I fix things; that is what I do. So, I threw my cigarette to the floor and went to the garden shed to collect my chainsaw.

The rain belted down on me.

Tree branches whipped around.

The atmosphere was set on killing me.

A normal man would have gone inside and held her, told her it was only a tree and dealt with the encroaching limb in the morning when the world wasn't set to chaos.

But I am not a normal man.

Never have been.

And that tree was scaring *my little girl.*

So, I took the chainsaw to the thick, woody trunk and brought the entire fucker down while she watched through pink curtains with a strange expression on her face.

The following day, she asked if she could call me 'Dad' over the breakfast table as easy as you would say 'pass the fruit loops.' And I knew from that second on that I'd never be anything more than I am her dad.

The memory has my smile widening as I watch her—my princess—twirl in the sprinkler, her hair wet tendrils down her cheeks.

The backyard is unrecognisable from my youth—with the two-story cubby house I made for her, netted trampoline, gymnastics beams, poles, and mats—all new, all hers, except for the forest bordering the property.

That is still ours.

Ty's, Vallie's, and mine.

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CHAPTER SEVEN

VALLIE

Stage Two: Resistance.

He fucked me all night—during—and in the morning, though, I wouldn't call what Dexter does fucking. It's not so violent or crass; it is… forming. Creating a dynamic between us that sets our bond apart from others.

I feel different with each brother.

I know this isn't normal.

But so fucking what?

On the way home, the morning sun warming my right shoulder, I sit in the backseat with Dexter's hand on my lap as the driver pulls up to the house. I love this house so much more than my little unit, which is now leased to another young woman.

This house is everything I want for my family. Huge, yet homey. Lots of land to run, build, change, destroy, grow, rebuild—live. And the forest… Where we run, fuck, and heal.

Nervous energy suddenly stirs inside my chest when I see Donnie sitting, waiting on the front steps, a cigarette pinched between his teeth, watching our arrival through a serious gaze.

My heart races, seeing him in his easy attire, hip hanging jeans and a black tee-shirt with one sleeve folded at his huge bicep, pocketing a lighter or packet of cigarettes. Like it's the 1960s, and he's Danny Zuko from *Grease*… He never used to do that, but he doesn't like leaving his lighter lying around because of Molly, so it ends up in his sleeve while he is smoking. It has only been a day, but we are never apart anymore, and my body literally hums to be held by him.

I do my TikTok's at home. Donnie works in the spacious home office. Tyler parents Molly, drop-offs and pick-ups, dress-ups and arts and crafts. We are always together.

Donnie rises to his feet as the car stops.

Dexter squeezes my thigh. "Baby Girl?"

"I missed him," I whisper honestly.

Dexter hums. "Go to him."

Needing to show both brothers my feelings and send a soft message, I turn to Dexter, cup his smooth cheeks and kiss him.

His groan falls between my lips, working our mouths harder to the needy sound.

I taste him. Enjoy him. That smell, power, rich, calm. He starts to trail kisses across my jaw to my neck, confusing me momentarily with his attention.

I catch my breath as he showers me with kisses and affection. "Thank you for a wonderful night."

He pulls from the skin on my neck. "And?"

"Thank you, Daddy, for finding me sexy."

"It isn't your decision."

I smile and blush. "I know."

With that, I swing open the car door and rush to Donnie. He is staring at me as I jog over, watching every little wave of my body, scanning me for obvious issues. Already ready to fix what might have been broken.

I almost laugh at him, predictable in this way. I collide with him, right into his arms. Tobacco. Smoke. Earth. Musk. Donnie smells so different to Dexter. He covers me in those thick, powerful arms and holds me to his warm chest, heart a steady base within, as though I were the one back from a stint in prison, and he wants to fuse together.

"Pup," is all he says, but kisses my crown.

Grumpy bastard.

“Is Molly okay?” I ask immediately, resting my chin on his chest and gazing up at him. Tight, dark brows umbrella deep blue eyes that watch over my head, locked on Dexter as he takes his backpack from the trunk.

“It’s Saturday morning. She is on the couch watching cartoons like normal. Normal routine, except her mum not being beside her.”

Savage…

I swallow my sneer as I ask, “And Tyler?”

“Playing,” he states flatly. “Hasn’t stopped except once to try to squeeze his cock but couldn’t come. Poor boy.”

I nod, blinking slowly. “I’ll go see him.”

His arms tighten around me. “Not yet, Pup.”

A happy sigh leaves me.

“Okay,” I accept. Donnie’s feelings shine in the smallest of gestures, in the cracks in his actions. And I see them—I see him.

“Where is my doorman?” Dexter asks, approaching us with his bags.

“We let them all go, except one,” I say, my stomach gnawing at guilt—we changed things without telling him.

But I remember when we first brought Molly home, it didn’t feel right having so many men around.

Two lunatics are enough.

“We kept one housekeeper,” I perk up, hopeful that is enough for him. “I like doing things myself around the house. Molly likes to paint and clean, too. And we didn’t want strange men around Molly, given her life so far. Just us.”

“Brother,” Donnie acknowledges Dexter as he stops beside us, ready to move into the house and take his place. “After I fuck my wife, you and I need to talk.”

I feel my face glow red, and I bury it in his shirt, wondering what Dexter’s expression is, whether he understands, whether he thinks I’m a slut.

Surely, he doesn’t.

He knows I’m not choosing.

Doesn’t he?

“Baby Girl?” I take a big breath and half-peer at Dexter, immediately hit with a smooth smirk that buckles my knees. That melts me in his brother’s embrace. “Don’t hide your face. Own this. You have us wrapped around your beautiful finger. Don’t you dare feel shame.”

My chest balloons.

“Okay, Daddy,” I say just as I am hoisted over Donnie’s shoulder in a way that means business. I push off his back as he walks us into the house.

“Daddy?” Donnie questions, but I can’t figure out his tone. “Right. Dexter, sit with Molly. This may take a while. My Pup needs my bone.” He slaps my arse, squeezing until I yelp, and follows the corridors until we are in his bedroom.

Our bedroom.

A few powerful strides into the room, he throws me to the mattress, where I bounce a few times. “What did Molly have for dinner?” I ask. “Did she sleep okay?”

“Dress off now, Pup. On your back. Pussy open.”

“Rude bastard,” I grumble, but slide my dress over my head, unclip my bra and wriggle my knickers off.

“Look at you.” He stands, formidable and staunch, at the foot of the bed, analysing my naked body. “How many times did you let my brother come inside you? Hm?”

His words stoke my pulse. “Lots.” My lip quirks to the side, daring, matching the challenge. “What are you going to do about it?”

“*Whore,*” Donnie hisses, possessiveness wrapping around each letter. “Dirty.” He pulls something from his pocket. “Little.” He removes his shirt and throws it into the corner of the room. “Whore.”

I have no idea how I stop my heart from breaking my ribcage in two when he lunges at me, but I feebly scurry backwards.

He catches my ankles, and I scream.

Excited.

Terrified.

I am always both with Donnie.

“You’ll see whose whore you really are.” He drags me back towards him.

I swing at him, but he snags my flying wrists and pins them above my head. “I like it when you fight. Reminds me of the first time.” Quickly hovering over me, he forcefully coils my wrists with something stiff but smooth. Leather, I think.

He fastens the other tail to the headboard.

What the fuck is he thinking?

“Stop it!” I demand. “This is crazy.” I pull on the ties that bite softly at the skin on my wrists. “Donnie! Let me go.”

“You think I would just let you go be a whore with my brother and not need to fuck my claim into you?”

I balance on the cusp of insane arousal, naked, skin flushing for him, and *terror.* He could do anything, and I would be utterly helpless… The thought alone makes me moan and writhe on the mattress.

What the hell is actually wrong with me?

I know, dark romance. That’s what is wrong with me.

He crawls up further, stopping so the crotch of his jeans hovers over my head. Glaring down at me, he pulls out his monstrously large cock. Hard. Angry. Pumping.

He wipes the smooth, hot head along my cheeks and lips, then possesses my jaw, forcing his fingers into the dips beside my lips, prying my mouth open.

“The fuck-whore opens nice and wide,” he growls, reaching up and gripping the headboard with one fist and feeding his cock down my throat with the other.

My eyes pop open.

At first, I try to breathe around his cock.

He doesn’t wait for me.

He cups the back of my head and starts to fuck my mouth as if I don’t need air, as if I don’t have a tongue, or anatomy. His cock slides down my throat with each thrust, loosening the tight column for him, making a channel.

“Oh, the whore is doing *so* good for me. Must have practised last night? Must be all loose from whoring.” Donnie stares down his lashes at me as tears rush in rivulets from my temples and pool in my ears. “That’s it. Cry for me, whore. Such a tight hole. I can feel your throat gagging, squeezing, but you’re nothing right now but somewhere to empty my cum. Understand? Oh… *yes*.”

He starts to fuck, *really* fuck. “Like that.”

Oh, God. This is a lot, even for what I have been through. He is out of his mind, feral with restrained possessiveness. I remember what to do, my mind catches up with my situation, and I inhale sharp, in and out of my nose. The air settles my heart a little.

Spreading his legs over me, he pumps in and out. “Is the whore breathing?”

My head nods on instinct, and he fists the back of my hair harder to stop me from moving, my scalp pinching, a little pain rushing across my skin.

I watch through a blur of tears that I cannot control as he takes my mouth relentlessly. Bucking his hips. Muscular thighs bracket my head as he stretches my throat with each inward drive.

“Did my brother fuck this hole?” he purrs, and my eyes roll when he reaches back to slap my pussy again. Once. “What about this one?” Before bringing both his hands to either side of my face and palming my cheeks carelessly. “Look at this wet, warm fuck-hole taking my big, angry cock.”

The heat in his eyes, the desire, the carnal need, but also a kind of anger, hatred, and depravity stir together inside me. I moan around his erection and squirm. I can’t help it. My pussy is throbbing. It is so uncomfortable. So, I suck. I suck him so hard; he starts to shudder and hiss.

“Suck me dry then, my pretty whore.”

I prepare myself to swallow as his cock fills my throat, pulsing, and he lets out a long growl. He is so deep; the hot spurts flood my mouth and pour out between my stretched lips.

I focus on my breathing and swallow what I can.

He squeezes my cheeks. “Whores swallow it all. Drink it in like nothing tastes better. My hot cum is all for you, Vallie. I don’t share it. Not with anyone.”

When he draws his cock out, I am able to swallow better. He rubs the hot, wet crown along my face, smearing more of his cum over my cheeks and lips.

“Unlike you.” His voice is depthless.

I frown at him. “Fuck you.”

He smirks. “Fuck me?” He laughs, but it’s dark and dangerous. “Oh, no. That is not what is happening here, Pup.”

He climbs from me without much consideration.

I pant ahead, wriggling my arse, creating a ruffle of sheets around me.

“What are you going to do?” The words come out more nervous than I want. Terror zaps me, concern fills me, and I suddenly need to get free. I fight with the ties at my wrists. “Let me go! I am not doing this if you’re jealous. We can just talk about it. You know how I feel about you, Donnie Vaughn!”

He grins, a cocky smile that curls around me, that ignores my pleas.

“I’m so fucking thirsty right now,” he declares, diving between my thighs.

He sucks me into his mouth, and my back arches against a scream I cannot withhold. Flailing around as he feasts on me, my legs jiggle by his face, unable to close or move much at all. The resistance of his pressure and dominance fatigues my muscles. I feel them burn as I fight.

“God, *please*.” I don’t know what I want.

Feeding both big, warm palms under my arse, he eats at me. Dips his tongue between my lips, swirls it around, but it doesn’t help the pressure. And he ignores my clit on purpose.

Bastard. Arsehole.

I buck, *angry.*

He groans and chuckles. “Taste so damn good, Pup. You squirt for my brother. Can I make the pup squirt?”

God, he’s jealous today.

He latches onto my clit, and a blanket of pleasure rolls from my toes to my eyes, where stars burst, dart around, and confuse me.

Maybe it is the ties at my wrists or the cruel detachment, but I might actually squirt for Donnie… If I let go—Oh. Feels so good. There. There—

No! I promised Tyler it was for him. That no one else will make me squirt, but oh, *my God.* His tongue is relentlessly flicking, dead set on winning, on domination.

A buzz of sensation assaults me.

I cry out long and hard, writhing helplessly, coming violently, wetness gushing from inside me, soaking the sheets, while a tongue eagerly laps it up.

I hear deep groans of enjoyment coming from between my legs. I try to cup my forehead on instinct but hit the resistance of the ties.

Fuck.

I shudder as my orgasm slowly releases me. I didn’t quite squirt, but I did soak him.

I did come… a lot.

As I roll my head against the pillow, body squirming, mind hazy, I vaguely register that he is now ripping his clothes off, undressing with feverish haste.

Heat rushes along my body as he prowls over me, tongue trailing my skin until he reaches my face.

"*Mm*," he purrs, "Whore smells good." His hard body and hot, thick muscles contrast my softer body, making him even more overbearing. Dipping into my neck, he latches onto the supple flesh, as if to warn me, at the exact time as he thrusts upward into my still rippling sex.

I scream at the sudden invasion, and he groans, deep and long, against my throat as if enjoying my startled sounds.

"Whose cock do you prefer, whore?"

"His!" I bark. Lie. I don't. I love them all, and he knows it. They are different, feel different, love me different, fuck me different.

"Liar." He starts to fuck.

If I wasn't so wet, his pace would be punishing. While my arms are suspended over my head, I feed my fingers together, needing to grip something as he uses my body.

Pumping in and out.

Taking me rough with need and obsession.

It reminds me of the first time together, terrifying and erotic all at once. If I wasn't so fucked up, if I wasn't so insecure my entire life because of my body, maybe I wouldn't enjoy this level of possessed-fucking.

Maybe I would prefer gentle and hesitant…

But hard fucking that has no caution doesn't allow my mind to play in insecurity. It doesn't allow me to wonder if it is me or if he is unsure because he doesn't like what he sees? Did he change his mind when I took off my clothes, but is too polite to offend me? Is he slow because he's not turned on enough? Does he even find me attractive when I'm naked?

These toxic questions aren't drowning me because Donnie is fucking my body like I'm the hottest woman alive, like nothing feels as good as mounting me.

Like my pussy makes him crazed.

Like my sweat is his brand of heroine.

Like I am the only thing he needs.

And that is why I love these deranged, fucked-up brothers, because they make me feel powerful in my submission to them. Donnie fucks the insecure out of me. Dexter removes my right to feel that way, and Tyler makes me feel beautiful and loved with obsession.

Donnie continues to fuck me into the mattress.

The wall behind the bedhead protests as he rockets forward and drags abruptly out.

I tug at my restraints. "*God*, Donnie."

"Who?" He growls by my ear, punishing me with a thrust that warns my insides of its depth.

"My husband…" I soothe.

"My wife is a whore. I'm barely controlling myself, Pup. I missed you. I missed you so goddamn much." His voice rasps. "Fuck him in this house from now on. Fuck us all, but don't leave again." He growls, pumping into me as he shares his vulnerabilities. "I can't fix you if you're not here—"

The room feels airless, steamy.

"I'm going to bruise this luscious pussy," he growls, reaching up to grab the headboard, to angle himself, to take me deeper. "Remind my brothers that the whore comes home to me. Always."

I lift my chin, burying my crown into the pillow, a deep, guttural sound vibrating from my throat, leaving my mouth enthusiastically as his big cock fucks and stretches me.

The sensation is electricity to my system, being used with utter disregard, stuffed and emptied, crushed beneath his weight, boiled from his radiant need.

I take everything he has to give me, everything he needs to work out, until my pussy swells with blood, spasming around him as I come.

He hisses.

"No." The word punctures the air as he loses rhythm to his own climax. "I want the other hole, too. In case he was there. I need them all today." He pulls out of me abruptly, my pussy closing around nothing, immediately swelling and sore. I moan, knowing what he is going to do.

The room is smaller.

The air thicker.

My mind hazy.

Vision a blur.

He grips the backs of my thighs and pushes them into my stomach, folding me.

"Arse open for me." His cock is dripping with my pussy juices when he slides into my arsehole and pumps. "Fucking *tight*… *Goddamn.*"

I am experienced in anal now, able to relax. His rhythm is slower and precise as he glares at his cock entering me. "Now all your holes remember

me. Your husband."

And *God*, he just keeps going.

"Who are you, Pup?"

"Your wife," I gasp.

Minutes, hours—I don't know—he fucks my arse, stopping before he can come, only to keep going. He doesn't speak to me again.

He *uses* me.

I let him. Unravel him. Love him. Come home to him, always. I am closing my eyes, blacking out, when I feel his cock thicken, somehow swelling within my rim of muscles.

I blink, barely awake, utterly drained, but I want to see his release. As he drops his head back and unloads, he growls with relief, his hot breath mixing with the steamy air.

Leaving me breathless to behold such powerful energy, I close my eyes and moan with helpless abandon, losing consciousness to the moment.

Gripping my flesh harder, he keeps coming until it floods me, spilling around his shaft.

He slows his thrusts, gasping.

I don't know what happens next…

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CHAPTER EIGHT

TYLER

I untie her wrists.

“Vallie Baby?” I whisper by her ear, trying to wake her up as I drag my mouth down the slick skin of her neck. Her heart shutters away beneath my tongue.

A fluttering note.

I close my eyes and hum, peppering her with gentle kisses. I missed her. She was gone all night, part of the morning, eighteen hours, twenty-one minutes, twenty-four sonatas, thirty minutes sleep, and zero orgasms.

My fingers ache from working the ivories while she was gone, but it made the time pass, made it disappear into ribbons that rushed into the forest.

When I open my eyes at her throat, I see bruising—a hickey. Donnie must have left this here for me, so I frown. That’s not his. I don’t need a message in her skin.

Quick pedal changes add intensity to the music between my ears, and then clusters of notes—minors—clash together. “You bruised my skin.”

I lick the blue and pink bruise, before glaring over my shoulder at Donnie as he pants on the bed beside us, his fingers looped together, cradling the back of his head.

He looks satiated. “Jealous?” He mocks, and I frown at him. Suddenly he sits up, fists my hair and drags my neck to his mouth, where he latches on and sucks to the point of pain. Then he releases me and pushes me back to her. “Now you match. You’re both mine. Make her better, Ty.”

I don’t mind her bruise anymore.

The music shifts to a major, notes slowing and smoothing together as I crawl down her lush, thick body to between her legs, where she is swollen and puffy.

“Poor Vallie Baby.” I push her thighs further apart, and she stirs, moaning and rolling her backside. “That looks like it hurts. I can make it better.”

I play my tongue over her clit.

Slow, feminine hands glide into my hair.

“*Tyler*.” She breathes my name in a long, gentle C-major flowing into an A-minor… Her sigh is soothing both of us. “My Tyler Baby. That feels so nice.”

She rocks her pussy to my tongue’s music as I play along the nerves I have mapped in my mind, trying to get her sigh-song to continue and build.

“Tyler’s here, baby.”

I keep my tongue and rhythm simple.

Slow—her gentle A-minor.

Light and flowing, I introduce a melody to my tongue, all the while never stopping or steering from the path of nerves.

She moans to my song.

Gradually, I increase the pressure. She responds, gifting me a gentle sigh that lifts in volume to match.

I swirl my tongue around her clit one way—arpeggio. I smoothly circle back the other way. Her moaning continues to the gentle attention, so I layer the harmony. I add a new dynamic to the play, sliding my finger inside her swollen lips so smoothly her flesh opens and forms around my tattooed digit as if it were missing from her wet, warm pussy all this time.

“Oh God, Tyler. How do you do that?”

My music’s red ribbons wrap around her. She begins to mewl around uncontrollably as I bring all the play together, my tongue, my finger, the perfect balance until she lifts her hips into my mouth and starts to squirt.

I am lost, licking her through her crescendo when I’m shoved from the mattress.

What the?

I hit the floor with a thud, shocked out of my damn mind. I was in the middle of a fucking song! The ivories all press down, my anger a weight on the sustain pedal in my mind.

Pushing off the floor, I peer across to see Donnie eating her pussy as she squirts and fists his dark hair.

I growl. “Fuck you, Donnie!”

He chuckles into her spasming pussy, a deep sound full of arrogant joy —a C-major-7.

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Chapter Nine

Vallie

"*Donnie*," I complain, clawing at his scalp but loving the buzzing of my orgasm, a literal release that only Tyler can make me feel, so I don't push Donnie away while his tongue extends the wonderful sensation. "You're not fair to your brother. You bastard."

"I'll pay him back." Donnie kisses my pussy a few times before pretending he doesn't care. Standing, his cock slapping his thigh, wet from my juices. I slowly wake up completely, blinking around the room. I don't remember passing out.

"How?" Tyler hisses, and his dark gaze causes me to sit up and pay attention.

Fuck.

"Tyler Baby, come here." I scoot up the bed. "I missed you. Come here."

Tyler crawls on the mattress. My six-foot-three, tattooed, chiselled jawline, floppy-haired angel. I open my legs and arms and wrap all my limbs around him, falling to my back with him to my chest. His long legs extend to the end of the bed, feet hanging clean off the end.

He buries his face between my tits, and I brush my fingers through his hair.

“Mum?” Molly’s voice squeaks outside the door, stoking me to shuffle from under Tyler’s resting body.

“Ty.” I try to move him, tapping him softly.

He groans between my breasts, tired, before rolling to his back on the mattress so that I can jump to my feet. “Tired, Vallie Baby. All night, part of the morning, eighteen hours, twenty-one minutes, twenty-four sonatas.” His voice is filled with husky fatigue, but he finishes his sentence through a yarn. “Thirty-minutes sleep and zero orgasms.”

Lunatic…

“Coming, Sweet Pea.” I dart into the bathroom and jump into the shower, washing quickly. I grab my white dressing gown and wrap the tails at my waist, feeling as though I lost a few hours. Then, I guess I did. I didn’t expect to be dragged into this room and fucked into a coma.

I shoot Donnie a glare as he wanders into the bathroom naked. My eyes drop to his arse cheeks, firm globes moving as he walks. Damn him. Hate to listen to his bullshit, love to watch him walk. *Mm.*

I finish tying the tails of my gown and slide through the door, closing it behind me. “Hey.” Scooping her into my arms, her legs go around my hips and her arms around my neck. “I missed you. Are you okay?”

I wander with her wrapped around me like a koala down the corridor, admiring the new pictures hanging alongside the Vaughn brothers’ older ones, like I always do. The gaps are covered with Molly—all things Molly.

She brushes her little fingertips along the wall, rolling over the raised panels like her finger is a skateboard as we walk towards the kitchen—the centre of the first floor.

This house is old money.

Dark in many areas, muted colours, traditional fixings that lasted the tests of time, marble and solid wood, bronze fixtures—things that age beautifully. Some of the walls are paper-covered, some moulded and detailed.

“Mum… I ate a fly,” Molly says, clearly mortified.

“That’s good.” I set her down on a breakfast bar stool. We spend more time around this stunning gold-marbled island than at the dining room table. I’m not sure why. We just like it. It’s communal and central. Informal. “It chose you. Sometimes, that means you’ll grow wings.”

Her eyes turn to beacons of hope. “*Really*?”

“I don’t know much about magic, but that is what I’ve heard.” I pour two glasses of orange juice, subtly peering through the doorways, wondering where Dexter is. “We’ll have to wait and see. Sometimes they don’t grow until true love’s kiss.”

“No kissing!” Donnie cuts in, gruff, and meets us at the bench, his hair messy and delicious. Dressed in only grey briefs and a white shirt, he looks like a damn underwear model.

“I have a boyfriend at school,” she taunts him, sipping her orange juice through a cheeky smile. “*Ryan*.”

“*Ryan*?” Donnie says his name as though it’s sour on his tongue. “*Ry-ann*?”

I roll my eyes. “Here we go.”

Donnie folds his thick arms across his chest, staring at his little girl. “RIP. Ryan In Pieces.”

“Stop it.” I whack his arm playfully. I shake my head through a soft giggle. “Have you seen Dexter, Sweet Pea? He was meant to be watching you.”

“He was…” She points to the television room. “He fell asleep on the couch while watching *Tangled* with me. I put a blanket over him. I don’t think he slept well. I bet it was hard to sleep in prison with all the clanking of bars.”

I blink at her. “The clanking of bars?”

“Yeah,” she confirms. “Like in *Robin Hood.* The prisoners clank the bars with their cups all night.”

“Oh, Sweet Pea.” Shocked, I say, “No, the prisoners have normal rooms. They are really nice now. With televisions and desks to write at.”

“Oh, really?” She sighs with a smile, as though that is such a relief, and I wonder how long she has been thinking about this. It’s still wild to me that the only knowledge children have is what we share. Everything else they imagine or get from TV. Leaning forward, I tuck a piece of blonde hair behind her ear and sigh. “You know Uncle Quinn is looking after you tonight? Your dads and I will be spending some time together.”

Her lip wobbles. “Another night without you?”

“Takes time to make a brother, Princess.” Donnie states without a hint of mirth, the name *Ryan* still a dark glint in his gaze as he walks from the kitchen towards the lounge room.

That changed the disappointment in her eyes. “You’re going to make one tonight? For me?”

I feel my core protest to the mere thought. Stifling the concern I have over another night of fucking, I simply nod. “We will start building. It takes time.”

She tilts her head. “Building?”

“Well…” I pause. *Fuck. Think, Vallie.* “I think I’ll use pop sticks for his legs, watermelon for his head, maybe jellybean toes. What do you think?”

She stares at me, unblinking, a dubious expression fixed with weaved blonde brows. “Are you serious?”

“No,” I reply, honestly. “I don’t know how to make them. Donnie, Tyler, Dexter, and I will just try, and if a baby ends up in my belly, my body does the work by itself, putting him together. Like you breathe without thinking. Heart beats without thinking. It is kind of like that. A mummy’s body just does it.”

Her eyes widen. “Woah.”

“Yeah,” I agree, smiling. Her awe is warranted; it is a miracle. “A woman’s body is the real magic, Sweet Pea.”

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Chapter Ten

Donnie

"*Ryan*," I grit out as I walk into the living room, scanning the space for Dexter. A faux fur blanket is crumpled on the cushion, but he's not here anymore.

I follow the corridor toward the first-floor office, finding him sitting in my chair, scanning the Tenders file on the desktop.

"You've done well," he acknowledges without looking at me. "In my place."

I sit opposite him and lift my ankle to my knee, leaning back, relaxed. "I didn't do anything." I undermined my efforts because I care little about them. "I signed papers. Attended a few meetings. Cut a rope once. It's yours. Take it back. The investors are willing to work with you again as long as you stay sober; that's the condition."

"Why do I hear a *but* in that sentence?" He turns to face me, eyes locked on mine, questioning.

I cross my arms across my chest. "*But* Molly, Vallie, and Tyler are not yours. We have a very strange life. It doesn't suit everyone. But it suits us. Tyler was never able to share me with a woman unless she loved him, too. We are one in his heart and head. He was never going to be able to love a woman unless she loved me. His happiness balances on understanding,

acceptance, and open-mindedness. If you want to be a part of this, you need to accept us. The way things are. If you fuck things up, the things I have fixed, I will not give you another chance."

My words aim and hit their mark.

His jaw muscles pulse, working to hold his tongue. He knows it is all true. "Consider your warning heeded."

"Good to have you home, brother." I stand, still only in my underwear and shirt. "I need a cigarette. The app has Vallie marked to ovulate today. We are going to chase her through the forest and corner her in Dad's old hunting cabin. Come—"

"Donald?"

What the?

Kathleen…

I sigh hard, exasperated. "*Jesus Christ.*"

Dexter cocks a brow. "Who the hell is that? And who the hell is Donald?"

Without answering, I walk from the room towards the front door, where Quinn takes Kathleen's woollen, orange coat and hangs it on the brass hook.

"Where is she?" Kathleen asks, peering around, her raspy, yet feminine tone singing out. "I have a basket of candy and eggs."

"Quinn." I motion towards the old biddy. "Why?"

"She insisted," he says with an apologetic shrug that means nothing because he isn't the slightest bit sorry. "You know she's alone all day, Donnie, in that house. We made her our problem when we held her hostage. And she adores Molly so much. Come on, don't be an arse about it."

"Language, Quinlan."

He nods. "Sorry, Kath."

Fucking hell.

Since Quinn spent that week with Kathleen in her house, he hasn't been able to shake her. Which means *I* haven't been able to fucking shake her. She calls him when she can't find her glasses, or her tap is leaking when it isn't. I don't know if she's crazy or lonely or both.

"Donald, you're not dressed for company." She squints up at me, genuine disapproval, pursing her lips. "Where are your slacks?"

I never know what to say to her.

Clearing my throat, I redirect the conversation, looking at the items in her hands. “A basket of candy and eggs?”

“What?”

I massage the bridge of my nose and up into my eyes. “What do you need a basket of candy and eggs for, Kathleen?”

“In case the children want an egg instead of candy. This generation is very health conscious.”

For the love of— “What children, Kathleen?”

“The children at the door.” She shuffles to peer up at me again. “Why are you so confused?”

“Why am I?” *Jesus Christ.* “I have no idea.”

“Hmm. Clearly,” she mutters.

“Gran Leeny!” Molly rushes over and embraces Kathleen’s waist, squeezing softly as the old biddy strokes her blonde hair and coos.

“I used to have hair this colour.”

Molly sighs against her. “How long ago?”

“Oh, a long, long time ago.”

“Hi, Kathleen.” Vallie trails Molly, tapping her daughter’s shoulder as she kisses the old biddy on both cheeks. They met at our wedding when she came as Quinn’s plus one. Which is *weird.* “Nice to see you.”

“He’s not wearing slacks, dear.” Kathleen points at me, Vallie chuckles at my frown of utter disbelief, and I turn and walk the fuck away before I say something I shouldn’t.

I fight my smile and leave them chatting.

Yep, we have a very strange life.

I hope Dex is ready for it.

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Chapter Eleven

Tyler

Stage Three: Exploration

Panting, Vallie peers out the cabin window, getting genuinely nervous now that the sun has dropped behind the trees, casting the forest in columns of dark and light.

"Where are they?" she mutters to herself.

She always talks to herself when she thinks she's alone, but we listen in. Does she really think we would let her run around the forest for this long without keeping a tab on her? It's been over an hour!

Not on her life.

Not on mine.

We followed her the entire way.

Guided by the cracking sticks.

A sheep dog to the sheep.

I love watching her bounce around, the perfect bunny, her blonde ponytail swaying, her arse, tits, and belly jiggling. Nothing masculine about our girl. She is soft, supple skin, to our hard, light to our dark. I hummed, following her.

My talent came to life. In my mind, her soundtrack was energic notes, with deep, held tones of suspense, and her shadow was red, orange, and pink ribbons.

Right now, though, she is getting worried, and my scarred fingers twitch to comfort her.

With a heavy sigh, she spins around, her sudden movement creaking the floorboards above me.

Looking up, I watch the soles of her shoes amble around the derelict ground floor of the cabin.

Taking it in, she probably thinks it's abandoned.

It's not. I've only been here a few times before. It's my dad's old hunting cabin—the ground floor isn't meant to be nice, not when it's left for years on end without visitors.

That's just asking for squatters.

Dexter told me that Dad used to holed up here for months, but that was before Donnie and I were born.

Then he died.

They both did.

Mum and Dad.

I have no memory of my parents.

I sometimes wonder if my mum was like Vallie, then I feel like a fucking pervert because I want to fuck her. I shouldn't want Vallie to resemble my mum… But…

I'm not fucking right in the head.

I don't want to fuck my mum. I want unconditional love from a curvy woman who smothers me—literally. The *fucking part* is just my cock—that has its own mind, thoughts and intent. It wants to see me fail. Gets hard when it shouldn't. When I used to play piano beside my teacher—she touched it—that's not my fault. I didn't ask her to touch it. That's why I cut it, tried to cut the dirty thing off, tried to be good!

A good boy.

Good boy, Tyler.

Fucking spiralling all of a sudden, I shake my head, dislodge the reel of thoughts. That's not right. I know that now. None of this is right or wrong; it just is. Vallie accepts me.

Watching her feet move above me, I want to help her. The basement is hidden, locked, and kitted out with everything a hunter would need for a

whole month. Guns and knives hang on the walls while hooks and chains dangle from the wooden rafters above, and a large bed, leather rug and fire place are the human elements.

My heart skips, adrenaline in my ears. I feel caged down here. My music and body are paralysed to not ruin the moment and call out to her. Donnie likes her fear while I like her love, but both together harmonise and clash, and *fuck me.*

My cock grows. Aches.

I haven't come since Dexter returned.

Tense, I sit on the bed beside Donnie, who is lying on his back with his mask on, fingers threaded behind his head, casual, but he's already hard, his cock a bulge beneath his denim. I guess he's ready to.

"Can we—"

"*Shh."* Donnie leans up, frowning at me.

Vallie stops moving above us. "Hello?" The word rushes out with a shaky breath. Her fear sounds like a piano playing the *diminished fifth*.

C… F#...

I sit down beside my twin. "Where's Dexter?"

"He'll come," he mouths more than speaks.

In this lower level, the concrete floor and walls enclose sounds from the outside world, but the gaps above us betray the otherwise private space. If she looked down, would she see heated blue eyes following her?

Her shoes stop at the hatch, and she stomps, hearing the baseless echo. She stomps again. "Huh… This isn't good. Is there someone down there?" She curses under her breath. "I'm coming down. I'm not alone. I have friends—boyfriends. Well, a husband and a boyfriend. Not that you care about the dynamic, but they are close. Close to here. And big. Huge, actually. So… I'm not alone." I almost hear the 'Oh, my God, Vallie, shut up' in the long sigh that trails her nervous rambling.

She tries to work out the hatch, finally lifting it by pressing on the lower righthand side.

Donnie and I stand up and glide into the dark pocket behind the steep stairwell. Sliding my mask on—the happy theatre man—I watch through metallic holes as she hesitantly descends the steps, her hand gripping something…

Light hits it.

A knife.

She is clutching a fucking hunting knife she must have found upstairs.

No, baby.

You might accidentally get hurt.

I step towards her, intent on disarming her when Donnie stops me. But it's too late; she spins around, brandishing the blade in front of her, squinting around the lower ground floor.

Donnie moves as she does. Quick.

Coming up behind her, he wraps his arms around her body, pinning her elbows to her side while possessing her weaponised hand to lift the knife to her throat.

She fights and sobs—a contralto.

He leans into her ear from behind. "*Shh.*"

"Donnie?" She isn't sure.

He inhales her. "*Mmm*."

"Donnie?" She gasps, the blade nicking her throat as she speaks. Her ample chest pulses frantically, her lungs expanding and deflating, fearful.

But her thighs…

They are rubbing together, massaging her pussy between them. She's wet. Uncomfortable. "Tyler?" she pleads. "Are you down here?"

She needs me.

I step out of the dark pocket, wearing my mask and a pair of jeans but otherwise naked. My cock is hammering within the denim, and the thrumming makes my head spin.

Donnie purrs, "Caught ourselves a pup."

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Chapter Twelve

Donnie

Her arse rubs into my erection.

I've been hard for a fucking hour.

I grin into her hair. "You like the knife, Pup?"

"Don't cut me, Donnie."

Tyler shuffles. "Put the knife down now, Donnie."

I slide my hand across and squeeze her big tit before dipping my hand down her belly and into her black leggings. I shove my hand between her thighs, curling two fingers in her folds. She moans deep and needy—insatiable. "Oh, you like the knife, hey, Pup?" *Fuck me*, she's hot here. I fuck her with my fingers. Hot and fucking soaking. I grind my cock between the crease of her arse. "You're so ours."

"Is she wet?" Ty asks, licking his lips, excited.

"Take her pants off and see for yourself."

I hold her to my chest with the blade kissing her neck. I would never hurt her, but she likes to think I may. She likes the dark places I take her, the rough way I possess her, the anger and jealousy in my obsession.

Tyler drops to his knees and pulls her leggings and underwear down, leaving them a puddle of black, swallowing her ankles and feet.

I slide my fingers deeper, and his mouth meets her clit, tongue licking my fingers and her.

Rubbing my cock between her arse cheeks, I take my time watching them over the top of her head, watching her nipples stiffen, my brother's eyes close, indulging. Watch her heavy breasts, more than two hands; well, that's fucking perfect because we have four.

Six, with Dexter.

I don't know if he's coming tonight or willing to cement his place with us. It was all fun and games last time when he thought he only had a few nights with us. But now he is free. Free to do what he pleases, with whom he pleases. Will he be willing to share her? Like this? I honestly don't know.

Vallie thought it was too soon. That we should wait for him to get settled. I say, throw him in the deep end, see if the fucker can swim with us. No need for floaties; he's a big boy. It's now or never. As far as I'm concerned, it's a damn privilege to be a part of this. He needs to see that, and fast.

Vallie's moans peak to cries as Tyler uses his fucking concert pianist tongue on her clit while I twist my fingers against her inner walls.

She leans harder into me.

"Don't slip, Pup. The knife is sharp."

She comes to my dangerous declaration, her thighs trembling to hold herself up while a wild orgasm twists her limbs to coils. "*God. Fuck. Donnie. Tyler*."

"I need to come." Tyler's words are heavy with desperation as he stands, throws his mask to the side and removes his jeans as if they are his enemy.

I lower the knife and push her to the bed for my twin to mount. He'll say he's struggling to come because she went away last night, but the unease started earlier than that.

I know my sweet brother.

Every inch of muscles, every little tic.

It started a few weeks after Dexter's return when we discussed sharing her tonight as a way to break the ice and bare our souls—dark, depraved, dangerous.

He is nervous about what his big brother will think of him, of the way he fucks, of the psychotic waves. It is easy for Ty to get triggered. He needs

to feel good.

Watching them, my favourite thing to do, I slowly undress as they kiss and moan on the mattress. My cock smashes my abdomen while they gently make out. Memorise. They are sweet. My brother and my wife are damn adorable. I'll do anything for them. For this.

Removing her shirt, he presses his face between her tits and groans. She calms the voice of trauma in his mind, feeding her hands into his hair. Gentle. Gentle with him.

"Vallie, Vallie, Vallie." He groans, rubbing his face against her plump tits, mouthing each nipple, playing.

My balls tighten just watching my twin enjoy her, like I can feel it, too. "You're going to suck my bone, Pup. You're going to swallow it while your pussy makes my brother come."

Tyler lifts his head. "I get to come inside her first?"

"Like I said…" I circle them, stopping at the top of the bed. Reaching to cup her soft cheek, guiding her towards my dripping cock, I say, "I'll pay you back."

Vallie opens her mouth and swallows my cock, an insatiable acceptance, approving my kindness to my brother. She sucks me hard, letting me know she's happy with me.

My head gets heavy. "Fuck, Pup. You sure do suck like you want something to swallow. So greedy for the milk from my fat cock. Now drain my brother's like that, too. Such a good girl for us. Such a spoilt girl with all this attention."

Tyler moves her body while she focuses on me. Moulding her legs around his waist, he circles her wet centre and then pushes into her, pressing violent moans up her throat that rumble around my cock.

"Fuck." My neck rolls on my shoulders.

Then I hear it.

Footsteps coming down the stairs.

He did come…

I lift my head in time to watch Dexter take the final step, dressed in jeans worth more than most people make in a month and a crease-free white shirt. He drove here, took the dirt road at the back—that's not good. He didn't join us in our way, in our game, hunting rabbits.

When Vallie notices him and tries to pull from my cock to say something, I stop her, holding her impaled. Gagged. Mine. Show him who

we are!

“Tut tut, Pup. Suck.”

Dexter stares at me deadpan and then looks at Vallie drooling for my cock, and Tyler as he uses her body, driving moans from her, touching her everywhere. My twin makes love with every limb, hand—inch. He touches and kisses.

It’s damn mesmerizing.

“Sit. Watch,” I say as Vallie sucks me deeper, tearing my attention from him and back to her. Vallie’s face shows her state of overstimulation; lips spread, eyes squeezed shut, drool pouring into my pubic hair. “Or… My wife has another hole, brother. You can have that.”

Tyler slows down, hesitation seeping in. I can almost hear the ‘What if he doesn’t want to stay,’ ‘What if I do something wrong.’

Overthinking…

But then Vallie brushes her nails up the back of his neck and into his hair, releasing his tension, a show of muscles trembling to her gentle attention.

I use her mouth.

Take control of it.

Dexter studies us and strokes his jaw, thinking. “What do you let them do to you, Baby Girl? Like this. Here?” Sitting down on the chair opposite, he leans back and watches. His eyes are dark and unreadable. “Daddy’s watching now.”

She moans, and I realise she likes it. Their pet names. Well, well. I fuck her throat deeper while Tyler contradicts the rough speed by rolling slower, surely hitting every inch she needs to come. “You like the way my cock fills your pussy, baby? Like— *Oh Fuck*. Vallie Baby, your cunt is choking me.”

He is close.

But nervous.

His hands fist her thighs, pawing, frantic, desperate for it to happen, but — “Fuck. Fuck!” he complains.

I push deeper and then hold still, impaling Vallie, my cock a protruding path down her neck. I growl. Feels so good. Try to ignore the pressure building inside my balls. Moments from exploding. Taking control so my sweet brother can come, I reach both hands out and wrap them around his throat, squeezing as he continues to pound her pussy.

And the sounds…

Wet slapping.

Hot grunting.

Choking.

Frantic moans.

My cock lengthens to the chaotic energy in the cabin. Dexter a dark presence watching. Vallie so overwhelmed she's mindless with us. Tyler's airless growls of agony mix with the hot, wet smacking of his body against her core, culminating in the message I want for Dexter. This is us.

I lock eyes with my big brother. "Welcome home, brother. This is what we are."

I give Tyler my attention. "Fill her up, brother," I demand, a dark hiss to my tone. I choke him. Hard. "Fill up her pussy and give her a baby. Your baby. My baby. Fill her empty womb, sweet brother. Don't breathe. You don't need air. Just fuck her sweet pussy for us."

His eyes roll back to my dark utterance, face blood-red from lack of oxygen, as he comes with a rasping groan that continues until I am almost certain he will pass out.

Then he does.

Crushing Vallie.

Fiery heat burns through my stomach. And I come into her useless kiss, into her floppy mouth. Her head tries to lift, her attention not on me, concerned for my brother, as my twin loses consciousness for several seconds before gentle rumbles stir in his chest, and he buries his face in Vallie's neck.

He's fine.

Breathing heavily, I look up.

The chair is empty.

Dexter is gone.

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CHAPTER THIRTEEN

VALLIE

"We will spend the entire day together, Sweet Pea. All four of us. I promise. Just stay with Tyler while Donnie and I talk to Dexter," I call over my shoulder as I trail Donnie down the corridor towards the office. "Calm down, Donnie."

After last night's encounter, we stayed in the cabin and tried to downplay the fact Dexter left without a word. We talked and fucked, but Donnie was dark. Dexter's absence screamed his disapproval. He was not impressed for whatever reason.

With what? Us? Me?

"Let's discuss this first before you just—"

Donnie pushes open the door, storming in. "Do you have a problem with what you saw last night?"

"Barge in," I finish, dry.

Dexter stares out the window with his back to us, an empty glass clutched in his hand. "You choked my little brother until he passed out like it was the most natural thing in the world. And then he just… woke up and cuddled." His voice is void. He turns to face us, his expression one of guilt dressed in disdain. "Tyler needs help."

Leaving was about Tyler…

Donnie goes very still. “Tyler has help.”

“Professional help.”

“He had professional help.” Donnie’s tone is so deep and dark it’s a deathly whisper. “Would you like to see his professional help? The reports and bills are in your cabinet, big brother.”

Dexter sets his glass down on the wooden desk, and I can’t help but stare at the empty glass, the bottom stained with a brown liquid.

God, I hope that’s not alcohol.

“Medication,” Dexter counters.

“You think he isn’t medicated.” Donnie chuckles, but it’s mirthless. Cold. Cruel. “This *is* him medicated. He is grounded. He knows what he wants. He knows who he is, who I am, right from wrong. This is Tyler at his fucking best.”

“This can’t be it.”

“Why?” Donnie barks. “Because he isn’t you? Because he seems broken? He *is* fucking broken! You can’t change him. It’s done! This is him, being him, happy and content and fucked up. We accept him. Like this.”

“I can’t accept that. He is special. Gifted.”

I exhale hard. My heart twists in my chest. Maybe I was a fool to think the four of us could be a family. What if this was a huge mistake? Tyler is settled. Molly is happy. What if Dexter admits Tyler into a hospital? Can he do that? Does he have any legal power over him?

My mind races.

Would he do that?

“That bitch broke his brain, Dexter! The pressure to be fucking Martha Argerich. The pressure broke our brother’s mind.” Donnie pumps his fist at his sides. “It doesn’t work in a normal way anymore. It’s on fire. A burning house. He gets triggered, he loses his way, and we bring him back. It is a constant. I have been doing this for over a decade. This, right now, is the best he has ever been!”

“He hasn’t cut himself for months,” I say, my voice shaking as I move further into the room. “Not since before we moved in here.” Dexter looks straight at me, blue eyes, stunning but hard. “He has an app. Five-months SH free,” I add. “He is playing piano. He told me he hasn’t played in years.”

“Baby Girl,” he gushes, soft for me. “I appreciate that you love him and that you enjoy him, but I swore to myself that I would be here, that I would

help him now."

"He is perfect the way he is," I press.

"Help him!" Donnie growls, taking a step towards his big brother. I reach out and grab his forearm, stopping him from taking another. "If you push this" —he points at his chest— "if you push him, you will destroy him."

I tug on his arm. "Let's go see Molly." I try to redirect his fire-filled gaze and manage to get his shoulders to lower. "She will be missing her dad."

Now is not the time.

Everyone is fuelled.

Tired. Raw.

"I don't want to hurt him. I just want to help," Dexter assures, but his tone still holds a weight of authority that churns my nerves. As though he believes the call is his, that he knows what is best. "I have three weeks to catch up on everything before the investors meet with me. I have a lot of work to do, I can't…" His words trail to a rough sigh.

"Well"—reaching into his pocket, Donnie retrieves his cigarette packet like they are a tether for his temper— "like I said, brother. Take your time. Take the company. See the investors." He draws out a cigarette and grits it between his teeth. "Sort out your life, your business, but Tyler is mine."

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CHAPTER FOURTEEN

VALLIE

One week later

The twins and Dexter are disjointed.

I am the only thing they have in common at the moment, the only thing that brings them together each morning for breakfast. I'm not a great cook, Donnie is, but I force myself to make breakfast each day to ensure they will interact.

Pleasantly.

But reserved.

We are teething.

Tonight, Dexter is meeting a business associate from his past, and he wants me there as a distraction.

According to Dexter, my overflowing breasts tucked into a *Pretty Woman* inspired twenty-thousand-dollar off-shoulder, red dress will do the trick.

I swallow. Feeling exposed, round, and tucked into it like a sleeping bag, I try to work through my vulnerabilities. Remembering, he hasn't been able to keep his hands off me, so… It isn't up to me to decide whether he finds me sexy or not. It's up to him.

I gaze across at Dexter as the black limo heads towards the grand Sky Restaurant, otherwise known as The Revolving Restaurant, in the city centre.

I've never been here before because it is impossible to get a booking. They open for reservations every three months and sell out within five-minutes, but… I roam the luscious attire of Dexter Vaughn in his tailored, black, three-piece Tom Ford suit, with his freshly shaved jaw, the smoothed angle of a diamond—just too damn hot for words. I want to stare and stare… Apparently, there are VIP places that the peasants aren't privy to. And that is me now, a VIP.

Vallie VIP.

@CurvyandBookedVIPVallie

My skin is still humming, cheeks glowing pink with arousal from the finger-fucking he gave me five minutes ago on the leather seats. I told him that Eva and Gideon, from *Bared to You*, like to play in modes of transportation. He told me that what I want, I get from him. He spread me out and fingered me until I came over the shiny, cream upholstery.

"You look stunning when you have just come on your daddy's fingers." His voice is husky and delicious.

The limo slows, and he smirks. "I don't plan on washing them while I eat, so I can smell you with every bite."

God. I flush harder. "The Michelin Star chef might be disappointed you're mixing your cuisines."

"He wouldn't if he could smell you."

"My pussy will inspire his next creation," I add.

"Then I would have to buy the restaurant."

I roll my eyes. His wealth isn't a subtle part of who he is. Rich is his personality. And for a moment, I forget who he is, who I am, and what the hell I think I'm doing with a man like him. "Look at you, Dexter. You don't have to do this."

He clasps his hands together on his lap, clear blue eyes drilling me to the seat. "Do what?"

"I will still be here for you, Donnie, and Tyler. I love them. You don't need to—" I shake my head through a mirthless scoff. "You can have any woman you want."

He frowns, and I'm in trouble with Daddy, clearly. "Let's put aside the fact that you're the most stunning creature I have ever seen and that every

man we encounter wants to know what you feel like beneath them. Let's put aside the fact my hands twitch to blind the gawking eyes of each fucker who turns to watch your arse move." His gaze darkens. "Let's put aside the fact that I am in love with you… I have a *very* demanding life. Even when I drank, I worked. I love my work. Revel in it. You do not need me. You do not wait for me or cling to me. I need *you*. I come to you." He leans over to unbuckle my belt. His nose touches my neck. "I need a mature woman who puts my family first and allows me to share my time with work. Women like you are rare. *Any woman*, as you put it, will not do. I need you. The perfect woman for us."

Wow. I exhale hard. Love. He loves me… "*So*, what about Tyler?" I push my luck. "You have been somewhat distant… What are you thinking? Feeling?"

"Not tonight." His breath is like hot energy rushing down my neck. "My brothers get enough of your attention. Tonight, Daddy needs you."

I roll my shoulder, feeling wet between my thighs again. Daddy. Daddy. That term really hits the spot.

Too soon, the door opens for us, and we are personally escorted into the building, where everyone seems to turn and stare at us.

"Mr Vaughn," a lady at the desk greets.

A man in a grey suit lowers his phone from his cheek as we cross the room. "Mr Vaughn."

"Mr Vaughn." A lovely lady brushes her fingers across his jacket as we stride past her. *Ugh.* Diamonds drip from her long, slender neck, but that'll just make it easier for me to strangle her if she touches him again.

"Fuck, you get around," I mutter.

He pulls me closer to his side, heat from his body radiating between us. "Mind your pretty mouth, Baby Girl."

We are taken to the top level.

The lift opens and the room reveals itself to be almost circular, taking up the entire floor, with the lift and kitchen in the centre and tables in two parallel rows circling them. The seated rows slowly rotate around the central utilities area, offering guests a moving view of the glistening cityscape through sprawling windows.

Dexter puts his hand on my lower back, guiding me while I gaze around the lavish space.

We approach a smart-looking man and a slender woman in an olive dress talking to a waiter. The man sees us. “Ah, Dex.” He points, stilling the waiter. “What will you be having? Scotch? Wine?”

“Espresso,” Dexter answers, pulling out my chair. “In a whiskey glass on ice.”

Ah. That’s what he drinks.

“Right. Right. You’re sober.” The man leans back and looks us over, nodding approvingly. “It’s good to see you out and about.”

Dexter gestures. “This is Markus. He manages operations for a software company we share in, and Drew manages him.” They chuckle, raising their glasses to me. “This is Vallie.” We return pleasantries.

“What will you have to drink?” Dexter asks me.

“Oh,”—I smile at the waiter— "a mocktail. Something spritzy and minty.”

“I have just the one,” he offers before heading towards the glowing bar. A large mahogany station lit up like it is a piece of artwork. It must be hard for Dexter to avoid all the signals; alcohol is basically a Siren in places like this.

Markus points between Dexter and me. “Is that how you two met? Are you sober, too, Vallie?”

“No.” I shake my head politely, but I don’t elaborate. No one asks them why they drink; I don’t think I need a reason for not wanting to. In truth, I’m not drinking because I want to kiss the hottest man in the room, and I don’t want alcohol on my breath.

I keep to myself, enjoying Dexter’s thumb moving over my inner thigh. The menu is set, so I relax, gazing at the view as they talk about business.

I barely listen, until someone says, “So, Vallie, we must be boring you. What do you do for a living?” Drew sips her wine, leaving a pink smear on the rim.

I look between the three of them. Think. Hesitate. Fuck… *Read porn and talk about it… Actually, it is how I met Dexter. It’s quite a story…* “I’m, um, I’m an influencer. Books mainly. I love to read.”

I omit the kinds of books.

“*Oh*, how modern.” Drew praises. “We could use a marketing girl at Starlight. You know they need a new perspective. New talent.”

“Starlight is a publishing house.” Dexter sets his coffee down on the table, finished. “She would be wonderful, but Vallie has a far more

important job. She is a mum."

Naw. That's nice to hear.

"*Oh*, how traditional." I laugh at myself, and Drew shares my whimsical retort. She's alright. I can't read her, but she seems harmless. "I genuinely love what I do, and it fits in around Molly."

This is my insight into the corporate wifey world, fantastic food, incredible views, and banter.

The evening continues, and I watch him in his element. Powerful, in control, smooth as fuck—to everyone else… But *I* don't miss the small ways he shuffles when they order more wine and, once again, offer him one, forgetting that he is sober. His body is tightening.

Hand on my thigh.

Coils in his neck.

A subtle collage of discomfort.

It dawns on me, I'm here to distract him—Dexter. Not to distract his colleagues like I had presumed. I'm here to support him while he's in an environment centred around alcohol. I place my hand over his, squeezing gently.

I'm his new addiction. And I'm so proud of him, and I plan on showing him with my mouth on the drive home just how healthy his new addiction is for him.

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CHAPTER FIFTEEN

TYLER

Two weeks later.

I wander around the corridors, searching for my Vallie, needing her.

It's ten am on Saturday, and Molly has already learned a new drum solo and is eager to show her mum.

As I approach the door to the home office—expecting it to be closed and locked as usual—low voices slow my footfalls.

"You need to speak with Tyler. Spend time with him. He knows something is wrong between you two."

"I have seen him most days."

Dexter…

"You can barely look him in the eyes."

For weeks, I've seen him only in passing. My big brother is too busy organising his office, networking, too busy… Ready to leave me again. My neck twitches to Martha Argerich's favourite chord—C-minor.

Trigger.

The word comes to me.

I take a deep breath and wiggle my toes in my shoes. Sense my own reality. On the ground. In this house—my home. It's huge… Dexter and I

haven’t seen much of each other over the past few weeks, not since the night in the cabin.

He didn’t like what he saw; I get it. Me. Donnie. My twin’s hands around my throat. My orgasm.

Am I dirty to him?

Trigger.

Despite Vallie and Donnie trying to hide their thoughts; they are shit at it. Especially my twin. I see him. All of him. I’m not a fucking idiot. I know everyone tiptoes around me like I’m a mine in a field. Don’t trigger it.

I also know they are right.

Because I’m clear…

I know I get triggered. I recognise the build-up now. The music in my mind becomes tangible, deafening. I lose sense of where my feet are, where my mind is—not present. Not right. Not hearing.

This is all progress.

Recognising it is progress.

I lean back against the wall beside the open door, out of sight, out of mind. Out of mind…

“I have heard you, Baby Girl. I heard Donnie. But I can help.” I hear him move to his desk. “I found a hospital that specialises in genius minds with mental health issues. It is not uncommon. He is so gifted. This place will help him focus on his talent. I didn’t say anything until now, I had to wait to be sure they would accept him, but I received the email this morning. They will. They will help us.”

My talent.

I bled it out.

Trigger.

Suddenly, I feel something, a crawl of emotion, confusing and dark. A sweeping piano score…. I hear it, see a dark entity floating to its melodic flow through the corridor, towards me, wanting me—*Requiem for a Dream…*

“Donnie will never agree. And more importantly, Tyler will not agree. He plays for the joy of it. That’s really important. It’s crucial we don’t push him. The pressure of his talent is what started this. He doesn’t want to focus on piano in this way, Dexter,” Vallie says, and she’s right. I don’t want… I also don’t want to let him down or disappoint him. He is the closest thing

I've ever had to a father. "He wants to be a dad"—her voice breaks— "he wants to be a stay-at-home dad…"

I *am* a dad…

"What is it?" Dexter's tone softens. There is a pause, and I can't hear. *I can't hear them.…* Then he finally says, "I see. I'll go get some now, Baby Girl. Don't be sad."

"It's okay. We only tried once. I'm being silly." Vallie sniffles, and I curl my hands into fists. Hate that sound. Who made her sad? Dexter? Donnie?

Why are you crying, Vallie Baby?

My Vallie Baby…

"It will happen," Dexter says to her reassuringly. "I'll go get you some tampons now. I remember the kind you prefer."

Tampons…

She's not pregnant.

I didn't give her a baby.

That's my fault.

My sperm is broken…

Is it?

Can it be?

Trigger.

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CHAPTER SIXTEEN

VALLIE

I ignore the stirring of cramps in my abdomen and the fact it means I'm not pregnant. Which is fine. We have only tried to 'not try' for a month. There is literally nothing to be disheartened about. Nothing…

The whiskey glass sits on the desk with a puddle of brown liquid. I know now that it's coffee.

We all struggle.

No one is free of it.

It hurts my heart to see Dexter on the outside of everything. Knowing he genuinely wants what is best for Tyler, but he's not catching on quick enough and soon, Tyler will spiral. I've already seen it.

1: Tyler wanted to sleep in the cage with me this past week. Which means he wants to feel secure or wants me to himself. Either way, it's a hint he's needing control. Isolation. 2: He's been humming more often, which isn't always a sign, but it does mean he's not entirely present. 3: He's been dark, eyes half mast, hornier, and saying things as they jump into his brain, not at all in a linear fashion.

I reach up and hold the back of Dexter's neck, staring into deep pits of smooth blue. While he has been too busy for Donnie and Tyler, he has made time for me over the past weeks. Made love to me. Confided in me. If only

he could see that he's not that different to Tyler. I mean, fuck, he has an app on his phone, too. Ironically, it has also been just over five months of his sobriety. "I understand that it might be harder to admit that it's over, that the time to save him has come and gone." That hits him hard. He closes his eyes on that sentiment. "You're too late, Dexter. I'm sorry. The best thing you can do now is to let him be. Let him choose."

He sighs, deep and long, thoughtful. I am getting through. "He is choosing wrong."

"I do a lot of reading," I say through a smile. "Mostly romance and dirty shit, but also psychology journals and essays. I enjoy them. Even more now that I have Tyler in my life. And you…" I admit. "I read all about the first few months out of prison and what to expect. I visit a lot of forums."

He opens his eyes, and I'm struck again by their sheer beauty. "When we make decisions for him," I go on. "We take away his choice. When we pressure him, his brain flags us as not safe. And when he feels like he has no choice and is not safe, he has lost control. Those are the three main feelings he needs to have at all times. Safety, choice, and control. Watch him with Molly, Dexter. He is so peaceful with her. So present. Maybe you'll see his talent is better spent on her."

His head dips into my hair, and his heavy exhale rushes through the blonde strands. Heats my skin.

"My new addiction." He groans. "The healthy alternative to wine and spirits."

"Oh, I'm spirited enough. Don't you think?"

Slowly, with his head buried in my neck, his voice vulnerable, he grips my waist and lifts me onto his desk. "You're only wearing Tyler's shirt." He brushes the fabric. "That does things to Daddy. You parade around this house, thick thighs exposed, no bra, just knickers and this. You're asking for it, Baby Girl."

I smile. "I don't think I *parade.* More like I can't be fucked choosing something to wear after being fucked by one of you deviants and then having to rush around to get Molly ready for school or something. Boy shirt, no bra—it's BookToker, stay-at-home mum chic."

His voice is raspy with arousal as he says, "Well, you're obscene in everything you wear."

"I have my period," I murmur as he trails his lips around my neck and jaw, and parts my thighs with his hips. He grinds against my core.

God, that feels good.

Please, don't stop.

"Daddy remembers." His breath rushes along my skin again, raising all the hairs to attention. "Let me take care of you. Show Daddy what you want."

On their own accord, my hands move to his belt buckle, and I help him remove his pants. They drop at his shoes, exposing thick, long thighs that I wrap my shins around the back of. "Your cock."

"Easy, Baby Girl." Tucking my knickers to the side, he sweeps two fingers between my folds, brings his hand back, spits on them, and then glides them gently inside me, all the way to the back. I press both hands to the desk on either side of my body, leaning, offering more access.

"More." I roll with his fingers, my inner muscles bearing down and gripping. Greedy.

"Do you need Daddy's big dick in here?"

Oh, God. "Yes."

"Massaging all these tight, sore muscles?"

"Yes, Daddy."

"Use your manners, Baby Girl."

Ugh. "Pretty please, arsehole."

A dark, hot chuckle leaves him. He looks at me. "I'm not going to spank your pussy while you're on your period, not while you're extra sensitive, but don't think that will go undisciplined."

As we stare at each other, he fists his cock and rubs the head up and down my slick folds. "Breathe deep for me," he says, squeezing inside me, and I'm instantly moaning at the perfect angle. He knows exactly what he's doing.

What I need.

It feels tighter than ever this time of month. All my blood is swelling my core; it is any wonder the rest of my body has enough to survive. "So tight. My Baby Girl has a plush, pink pussy when she is on her period. So hot."

With both hands gripping my hips, he presses through the thick, warm folds, rubbing every inch.

Yes…

That…

We fall into a steady, thorough rhythm, fucking on his desk. I. Am. In. Heaven. I've read enough billionaire romances to have fantasised about this

moment, but nothing really prepares you for the real experience. It is surprisingly comfortable on the desk and seriously hot, watching him in his suit, spreading my pussy open with his huge, pulsing cock.

Working us to a sweat.

Winding us up, not rushing.

Methodical. Practised.

A well-oiled fucking machine.

I close my eyes. “Oh, *Fuck*.”

“Yes, Baby Girl. Come on Daddy’s cock.” He pounds in deep and rolls to include my clit. “So.” He draws out. “Fucking.” He squeezes inside. “Tight.” He brushes my clit with his pelvis. “Come now. I won’t last with this pressure.”

My orgasm complies, rushing from my toes, curling them, to my thighs, tightening them around his hips, to my pussy where I milk and squeeze the ever-loving-hell out of his cock. *Holy. Fuck. Yes.*

Sweat slides across his strong brow.

He unravels. “Your pussy goes wild when you come. It is simply undeniable.” He drops his head back, letting me have it hard as he starts to convulse, and then holds himself fully sheathed, throbbing so hard that I come again around him, grinding against him as we ride the pleasure together.

He lifts his head, hooded eyes diving into mine.

“*Please*,” I pant, feeling our intimacy at its peak, our affections bubbling. “Don’t pressure Tyler. Look at him with fresh eyes. For what he is now, not what he could have been before all this happened. It’s too late.”

“I hate hearing that.” He shakes his head. “I let him down. I wasn’t here enough. I didn’t pay attenti—”

“It’s over.”

Leaning forward, I cup the back of his neck and press our slick foreheads together. His cock is still pulsing inside me, gifting me small surges of pleasure each time. “You’re here now.” I moan, feeling lovely. “Just don’t leave, *please*.”

“Where would I go?” Our lips are inches apart, breath mingling. “Everyone who matters is right here,” he repeats the words he said before he left for prison. “And soon…” He slides his hand over my belly. “More to consider. More to *worry* about.”

“More to love,” I correct. “Think… Our children will never know the alcoholic version of you. You are no longer that man. You can be whoever you want to them.”

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CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

VALLIE

I swing on the porch sofa, watching Molly summersault on the trampoline, shouting, “Watch me, Dexter. Watch me!”

After our very physical discussion, he closed his office until Monday. Something he hasn’t done since he returned.

I smile when she falls awkwardly, causing him to fret, and now he is checking her knee for grazes. She is such a player. Everyone is wrapped around her tiny finger.

When we first brought her home, she would lift her chin and hide her *ouchies*, but now she revels in them. And we indulge her to no end because she has never had anyone to fuss over her.

Dexter doesn’t know this, so I smile as he slowly becomes putty in her palm. They have interacted casually, eaten breakfast together, shared a few cuddles, but it’s a slow, blooming relationship. He’s either preoccupied by the Tyler issue, hyper-focused on business, or something else… Like fearful of disappointing her, maybe. Fearful of making a mistake. Breaking her. Failing her. I don’t know.

Cuddling my waist, I imagine I have a swollen stomach, and the baby is moving around, warping my flesh.

What’s that feel like?

Weird? Or wonderful?

I'm a mum, but I've never had the entire experience.

Will I get even rounder?

Will the Vaughn men care if I'm a whale?

Will it be amazing?

I blink ahead, daydreaming about pregnancy. I'll make pregnancy trope lists on TikTok. I could do an entire up-the-duff playlist while literally up-the-duff.

And every day, I will read my *cliturature* to Tyler while he rubs my feet or licks my pussy. Worshipping me and being playful, he will make me forget that I'm a blimp. While Donnie will build the crib and baby-proof the entire house, a frown etched on his brow. Concerned. Silent. As always…

With a sigh, I gaze at Dexter as he fusses over a non-existent scuff mark on Molly's knee.

Where does he fit in?

And then I can see it… Dexter is ordering doctors around, buying the kid ridiculously expensive outfits they will grow out of before they even wear them, and preparing everything for the future—lavish and unnecessary things like a trust fund, insurance for diseases that don't exist, and an apartment in the city for when the kid goes to an Ivy League school.

I giggle to myself.

What a lovely fantasy.

"I saw the tampons on the bed, Pup." Donnie appears at my side, already lighting the cherry of his cigarette. It is neon-red and flaring.

"Yeah," I breathe, swinging.

He sits beside me. "I'll give up smoking."

My heart expands.

God, I love this man.

That's his way of saying, "*It'll happen. And I'm here for you. And don't be concerned. And I care."*

"Really?" I lift a blonde brow, glancing quickly at him and then back to Dexter and Molly. "It'll be hard. And it'll affect your mood… *But* it's not like you can be any more of a grumpy bastard than you are now, so it won't affect me."

With his free hand, he grabs my jaw and twists my face, spearing me with possessive blue eyes. Eyes I will stare into forever. Until my last breath. My husband's eyes. "You're mine, Pup. You know that, right?" He

leans in until our mouths brush. “The way you understand Dexter. The way you love Tyler. It’s all for me. All about me.”

I smile against his smoky lips. Lips that I’ll kiss and argue with forever… “You’re such an arrogant piece of work, you know that?”

“Yeah.” Guiding my chin, he kisses me hard before pulling back to speak again. “Arrogance comes from the lived experience of always being fucking right, Pup.”

Ugh. Bastard.

“But you’re not right. You’re wrong,” I counter. “It’s about *me*. It’s all about me.”

I feel his menacing grin. “And who picked you.”

He stands and inhales his cigarette, staring down at me as though I am the tobacco, and he wants to get as much of me inside, more than he needs, more than his lungs can suffer. He holds it in for a few hot moments before exhaling heavy white clouds, saying, “I want you to myself tonight. I want you on top. Riding me. I want your plump tits in my face, your thick hips in my palms, and your pussy choking the life out of my monster cock.”

With that demand, he starts to walk away.

My cheeks flush, but I tease him instead of becoming a puddle of need. “I love you, Donnie. You’re so romantic. I swoon all over the place.”

He stops midstride with his back to me. “As long as you come all over me, I don’t care where you swoon.” He takes another step but stops. Pauses.

My heart lifts to my throat.

“I love you, Valentina.” Then he strides slowly across the lawn towards Dexter and Molly, casual, controlled, menacing, and in love. In love with me.

I smile at the three of them.

Then frown.

Where is Tyler?

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CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

DEXTER

Molly is sitting on the edge of the trampoline with her legs making a pyramid so she can look at the tiny, miscoloured skin on her knee. *Tiny.* As I stroke the small red spot, a strange sense of calm falls over me. A quiet clarity. Nothing else matters but them. Not really. “Does it really hurt?”

She nods. “Yep. Lots.”

I can tell she is fibbing, but I’m enjoying caring for her just as much as she’s enjoying the helicopter dad I’m obviously going to become. “Band-aid?”

“Tyler’s got *Frozen* band-aids.” Her big eyes dart from her red skin to me. “They are in the kitchen. Bottom draw with the door-stops and batteries.”

I should know this…

She shouldn’t feel the need to tell me, though… I didn’t know. And she knew that.

I have been here for three weeks now, but I haven’t moved *into* their world. I’ve merely moved *around* it. Focused on Tyler… On all the things *wrong* with him… I have— *had* an opportunity to set things straight, to make amends, but— Vallie’s right. I am too late. Too fucking late.

“You seen Ty?” Donnie asks, approaching from the porch, a cigarette hanging from his lower lip, the ember chewing the paper just short of his mouth.

I shake my head, focused on Molly. “No.”

“*Hm*.” With that, Donnie wanders around the edge of the house, disappearing from view.

“Molly.” I clear my throat, wondering how to approach this conversation with a child. “Does Tyler buy the band-aids?”

“Tyler Baby does all the things.”

I tilt my head, dubious. “All the things?”

“Yes.” She uses her fingers to count. “He does the laundry, the book reading, the nightmare squashing, the arts and crafts, the dishes, the mummy soothing, and he is my teacher. Music. And. Math.” Her eyes sparkle with pride, thinking about him. Fucking pride… Awe, even. Like I might have looked at Dad once when he was alive. “He is real smart. Did you know that? *Real* smart. And silly. He is both. Don’t you know him?”

Fuck.

He is both.

“I did.” The backs of my eyes sting. “I want to know more than I do.”

“So…” She clicks her tongue, waiting. “Tyler would have the band-aid on my knee by now.”

“Right.” I try not to laugh and tear up at the same time. This little girl is incredible. “I best go get it then.”

As I turn to leave, she says, “Elsa.”

I look back at her. “What?”

A moment of exasperation crosses her gaze. *Christ.* I had no idea kids could look so frustrated, so patronising and cute simultaneously. “Elsa. She is the blonde one. Look”—she lifts her hands, using them to speak, all sass and confidence. “I get it. We can watch *Frozen* tonight. I don’t mind seeing it again. It’s really *entowering*.”

“Empowering?”

“Yep,” she says, nodding her little chin adamant, dead serious. “It. Changed. *My life*.”

I burst out a laugh but cough to mask it from her serious gaze. She doesn’t think this is funny.

“Right. Well.” I am fucking dumbfounded. This girl has literally rendered me a blundering idiot. “I look forward to being empowered by

Elsa from *Frozen*."

She lifts an eyebrow at me. "You're weird."

Me? And the comparison is what? I touch my chest, shock dropping my mouth to the floor. "I'm the weird one? In this house?"

She measures me up. "Definitely."

"Well then—"

"Have you seen Tyler?" Vallie's voice soars across to us. My ears prick at the repeated question; this time, the four words crawl into my chest.

"No." I glance from Molly to Vallie, seeing her brows weaved above sharp, concerned eyes.

"I don't remember the last time I saw him," she adds, flustered. "Do you remember the last time you saw him?"

No. I don't. Before I can react, Vallie rushes around the side of the house, calling his name. "Tyler? Tyler Baby?"

Dread sinks in.

My jaw clenches. Scenarios explode in my mind like a fucked-up piñata —Tyler's hurt. He heard, or saw the papers or the email? Sliced his wrists, ran away— Fuck. Get the images out.

Fuck.

Then I look at Molly, who seems to be watching my eyes darting to my internal torture. She is far too perceptive for her own good. Too clever.

"I can get my own band-aid," she offers softly.

My mouth goes dry, guilt and discomfort strangling me. "Let's set you up in front of the TV, and I'll join your mum and dad playing Hide and Seek with Tyler, yeah?"

She nods stiffly, not at all buying it.

I scoop her to my hip, her little socks catching my attention—frilly at the top with sparkly pink musical notes.

The piano room.

I'll search there first…

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CHAPTER NINETEEN

VALLIE

No, no, no.

My heart hammers in my chest, and with each second that passes, dread stacks rocks in my shoes, making it harder and harder to keep searching.

Donnie was combing the woods, Dexter around the grounds. I've searched his room, the piano room, and now I'm on the second floor, opening all the spare room doors one by one. Each room is emptier than the last; each space is a little larger, vaster, as if the walls are in the distance.

"Tyler!" My voice has become a hoarse cry. "Tyler!" *God. Fuck. Jesus Christ, please let him be fine.*

Can't shake the thoughts… I imagine opening one of these spare rooms and seeing shoes hovering from the ground, my eyes blurring instantly, the world no longer filled with wonder, my throat contorting, soundless screams burning me, as I step backwards to not bump into the hanging body.

Oh, God. He wouldn't. Surely. Did he hear Dexter? Did he hear me? Does he think I would let anyone send him away?

Never.

Never.

He's mine!

I’m squinting through a storage room from the door jamb when I hear music. The sound pulls bile up my neck.

Through a shaky breath, I force myself to look down the corridor to the very last room. Door closed. Light a rectangle border…

I don’t know why I’m so scared.

This is just not like him, not at all. He’s always glued to me or Molly—he’s my golden retriever boyfriend. The sweet, fragile, six-foot-three, all-muscled, chiselled jaw, scarred angel that I can’t breathe without.

My hands sweat as I slowly walk towards the door, single-minded, arrowed. I look at the slither of light beneath the door, hoping to see a shadow break it, an indication of movement on the other side. Of life.

I see nothing. Just still.

The music gets louder.

I reach out and turn the door handle.

Swing it open.

Hold my breath.

A piano sonata hits me.

And I burst into tears when I see Tyler sitting on the edge of a king-sized bed, staring at his hands.

“Tyler.” I rush to him, falling at his feet. I grab his hands and kiss them, worshipping each scar, and then cup his rough jaw to punch kisses over his lips. “I thought—” Tears cloud my vision. “I thought—" *Fuck*, his brothers. Turning, I call down the corridor, “Donnie! Dexter! He’s here.”

He grips my shoulders and pushes me backwards to my heels, putting space between us. My eyes gape up at him, but I don’t go to touch him again. “Are you okay? What happened?”

“If you touch me, I can’t think.”

“Okay.” I lift my trembling hands, showing him my palms. “I won’t. Talk to me. What’s going on?”

Heavy footsteps thunder up the stairs, and before I know it, Donnie and Dexter are standing in the open doorway.

“Goddamn it, Tyler!” Donnie thrusts his hand through his dark hair, a look of pure agony on his face as he drags it back down and groans.

Dexter squeezes his eyes shut, a single tear breaking free, trailing the sharp contours of his features. “*Fuck*.”

Tyler’s eyes lift to us, detached, clouded momentarily in thought. “Donnie. Dex. I made you worry. I’m sorry.” He looks between us. “Vallie

Baby.” Affectionately, he brushes my hair over my shoulder, an apology in his touch, but his gaze gets snagged on the uneven surface of his knuckles thread with my hair. “After I heard your conversation—”

I start, “Ty, I should—”

“Let me talk.” His voice is deep and dominant, tone heavy, but still only slightly louder than a whisper. “I found myself in my room with a blade to my knuckles. These knuckles.” He pulls his hands back, staring. “Trigger. Heard Martha playing. I wanted the ribbons out. The talent. My genius. If I cut it out, then you won't send me away… There.”

I sob softly. “*Tyler*.”

His blue eyes, turbulent pits of sorrow, suddenly glisten above a forming smile. It’s odd. Sorrow and strength in one expression. “But I stopped. I didn’t bleed.” His smile grows, and he looks between us. “'Cause of Molly. Molly has talent. She's going to be a pop star, and I never, ever want her to be afraid of her talent. I'm a dad first. So...”

He rises to his feet. “I'll go. If you want me to go to this place, this treatment place, if it will help, I’ll go.”

I stand before him. “*No*.”

“No.” Dexter moves to my side. Both brothers are at least a foot taller than me, basically pillars of muscles. “I was wrong, Tyler. I was so wrong to do this. I will figure out how to fit into your lives, as they are. I will.”

“And me?” Pain fills his eyes. “You’re disgusted by me.”

“No, buddy. *God*. I fucking love you.” His voice chokes out the words. “I was just blind with the need to make amends, but you’re different, and it’s not a bad thing. It’s just you. This is a *me* issue. Not you.”

Tyler lifts his chin, strong and powerful on the outside, with a wild and sensitive centre. “I used to cut the things on the outside to try to kill the things on the inside, Dexter. But Molly's talent is so beautiful. I'm not sure...” He pauses. “It’s still new. A new feeling, but I don't feel the same inside anymore. I want to keep the talent and share it with her.”

I exhale heavily. “I like that, baby.”

Feeling too much, basically trembling with adrenaline, I peer across to check on Donnie, only to see he is scowling at Dexter as though he is moments away from lunging for him.

“*Donnie*,” I warn.

“If I didn’t fucking love you, Dexter,”—Donnie points, his hand vibrating with rage— “I would knock your fucking teeth in for messing

with his head.”

Dexter clenches his jaw, nodding. Accepting. “If it makes you feel better, you can. I won’t stop you.”

“Hm,” Donnie grunts before grabbing Tyler by the back of the head and tugging him down the corridor. “You were in Mum and Dad’s room.” It was a statement, but a question skates the surface.

Clutching my heavy heart, I shuffle to gaze around the room. I haven’t really been in this room. The maid refreshes the rooms we don’t occupy.

Their bedroom has a timeless elegance, the wooden bed displaying carvings that hint at the long-gone era of carpentry.

They left it this way.

“Come on,”—I reach for Dexter’s hand—"Let’s go downstairs and do nothing.”

“*Frozen*,” he mutters, clearly drained. The single word seems heavy. Final. As if he’s made his mind up about something, and it starts with *Frozen*. “I’m going to watch *Frozen* with Molly.”

And that is that.

We don’t need to say anything else. I know that this moment with the brothers has changed something.

Sometimes, it’s necessary to *see* the truth, the tragedy, not merely be told it exists. Dexter was the outsider, but he’s seen Tyler now, felt the fear of losing him, experienced it.

And no more words need to be shared. The commitment we have to this family has become our gravity.

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Chapter Twenty

Donnie

Two weeks later

Stage Four: Integration.

Stars scatter Molly's bedroom ceiling, and her pink curtains sway beside the fan.

"Why isn't your tummy getting bigger?" Molly asks as Vallie tucks her into bed and arranges her fluffy toys on either side of her body like a matchstick family.

"Well, there isn't a baby in there yet," Vallie admits, forcing a smile around those words. "But we will keep trying. It can take some time. I don't understand exactly how it works."

Lying beside her, sharing her blanket, Tyler picks up Molly's Bluey doll and uses it to kiss her cheeks. "Tonight." Left kiss. "We'll try again tonight." Right kiss. Tyler taps the toy to Molly's nose, making her giggle.

Molly grabs the stuffed blue dog, squeezing it to her chest. "Well," she begins cheerfully, "You said it's magic. A woman's body is magic. You can't know the secrets. That's the rule. So, you'll just have to be patient."

Well, fuck.

“True.” My wife nods, and I watch from the doorway, my shoulder to the frame, a resting grin on my lips. A contented feeling in my chest.

My two girls.

And my other half.

“Milkman is here.” Dexter enters the room, patting my shoulder as he moves to the bedside. “Though,” he starts, and my lips flatten with exasperation. “I think you’re too old for milk in a bottle, but then—”

“*Dexter*,” Molly complains, sorting him out before any of us have to. “It’s not a bottle. It’s. A. *Sippy cup*. You don’t know *everything*. Remember?” She takes the cup from him. “Milk is good for my bones. I am going to be big and strong like my dad.”

“Which one?” Tyler laughs.

Her cheeks bunch above her smile. “Guess.”

Me. She means me.

Dexter is right in a way.

Molly shouldn’t need to drink out of a sippy cup at her age, but she didn’t have an easy start, and the sippy cup is still a small baby-item she clings to. We will work on transitioning her to a regular cup, maybe a takeaway coffee cup, and then a real cup in the coming months.

Of all the battles of parenting, this small minor issue is not my priority at all. It brings her comfort.

Fuck, I’m such a dad.

From stalking a stunning curvy bookworm on TikTok—my Curvy Thirteen—to holding her hostage, to sippy-cup-to-cup transition strategies… *Fuck.* That’s quite the lifestyle leap.

“Right. Got it. I’ll back off.” Dexter dips to kiss her forehead quickly, but her arms fly out and wrap around his neck, stopping him from pulling away.

She does this.

Clings to our necks.

Holds us. We aren’t sure whether it’s a controlling trait or a fear response to being abandoned and neglected. Either way, we have to remind her to let go.

“It’s okay, Molly.” Dexter allows her to hang onto him and even relaxes against her to show he’s there because he wants to be. “I’ll see you in the morning.”

With a sigh, she releases him.

“Ty.” I nod at my twin. “Up.”

My turn.

“Night, Molly Polly.” My twin leans across, and she kisses his nose. He grins. “*Clair de Lune*. Every time.”

As he slides from the mattress, she teases him, “Night, *Tyler Baby*,” and accepts a kiss and cuddle from Vallie.

They all say goodnight.

Within several seconds, the bedroom door shuts, and we are left alone with the stars projected on the white ceiling and the humming of the fan.

It clicks a few times.

Then hums.

I’ll have to fix that.

Molly sighs, her blonde lashes fanning her eyes, heavy from a full day of activities and play.

My heart expands in my chest just looking at this little girl. *My* little girl. I want more. I want five. Six. *Hell*, we’ll keep my wife pregnant until she threatens to withhold sex unless we stop knocking her up. Who would have thought family was my calling?

I guess…

Fuck. It always was. From the beginning, I was the one pulling us together. My entire life has been about Tyler; now, it’s a full house. The way I always wanted it.

I crawl onto the bed beside her, lift my arm, and she tucks into the space alongside my torso. I hold her. *Not letting go until you’re asleep, Princess.*

“Night, Dad.”

“Night, Princess.”

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Chapter Twenty-One

Vallie

Tyler climbs onto the bed after me, following me up the mattress. I turn and meet his lips immediately, his body pushing me backwards to the sheets. His hands are everywhere. Lips move passionately on mine, desperate but not rough.

Lost and loving it, I close my eyes and slide my fingers up his back, feeling all the muscles twitch and respond.

God, he's hard. They all are.

"We keep trying," Tyler declares to the world.

"Until you're pregnant, Baby Girl," Dexter agrees, his deep voice is a heavy, warm blanket.

I open my eyes to watch him slowly undress beside the bed as Tyler works on removing our clothes until we are both naked and vulnerable.

We do this a lot now.

Make love all together.

Sometimes, I don't have to do anything. Sometimes, I am asleep when the others join us in bed. I love that. I can literally lie there, rolled, turned, spread, and all I have to do is respond with my mouth, hands, and moans.

I am theirs.

“Spread her wide, little brother,” Dexter orders, completely naked beside us, stroking the long length between his thighs to a hard, pulsating rod. “Let me see you enter her perfect cunt.”

My entire body trembles with adrenaline when Tyler kneels between my legs, using his cock to swipe up and down my slit, showing Dexter. Like I’m a prize. “Look at all that smooth, pink flesh. Folds and folds. So snug. Want to see me slide in, Dex? She is such a good girl.”

Dexter looks at me, eyes hooded with arousal, hand working his cock up and down beside us. “Show Daddy how sweet you are for my brother.”

I moan at his words.

God, that does things to me.

I blush. “Yes, Daddy.”

“Woah.” Tyler pushes the crown of his cock inside me, and I peer between my knees to watch. “Her moan is so deep when you speak. A husky-alto. Say it again, Dex. Talk to her while I fuck her. Your voice makes her pussy throb around my cock like a puppy in heat.”

Goosebump erupts across my flesh.

Dexter groans as he massages his erection, the deepest timbre that rattles my bones. “You’re going to lay there and take my brother’s cock, Baby Girl.”

Tyler sinks all the way.

“Milk him for Daddy.”

His warm torso meets mine.

“Remind me just how much woman you are.”

Tyler’s hips roll against my core.

“That’s my good girl,” Dexter says.

Tyler hisses. “*Our* good girl.”

Working himself in and out of me, kissing and licking my neck, Tyler murmurs, “I love you, Vallie. I love you.” Insanely. Like a lunatic. And I love him that same way. “Not just freestyle,” he adds. “Forever.”

Dexter’s breath is heavier. “S-so sweet to my brother.” His orgasm brimming from his own fist.

“I want it.” I mewl, watching Dexter jerk his cock, watching us. “I want to make you come, Daddy.”

“Oh, you are, Baby Girl. You do. Even when you’re not around, and I am in the shower, soaping up my cock, with my hand braced on the tiles,

my legs apart, it is the image of your obscene curves that makes me explode. *Oh*, you don't know what they do to men, do you?"

"*No*." I breath, and then moan as Tyler lifts my leg, angling me. He is utterly attuned to me, to my body. Tyler fucks like he plays piano, with purpose and rhythm.

Insatiable for them, both of them, my pussy tightens with the need to come. For Dexter's words. For Tyler's perfect strokes. "I want it."

"You want Daddy's cum?"

I mewl. "Yes, Daddy!"

"That's nice. Don't worry, Baby Girl." His deep, dark voice curls my toes. "I'm saving Daddy's cum for your pussy. Let my brother fill you first. I'll add my cum after."

"Tyler!" Through a long, deep moan, my body arches upwards into his hips, taking him even deeper as I come.

Tyler's mouth covers my sounds, eating them greedily, as if each whimper, each wisp of noise, is his to claim.

"So perfect." I hear Donnie's dangerous utterance through the haze of my orgasm. I don't know when he entered the room, but he's nearby. I can feel my husband's dark energy as he stalks us.

"*Donnie*…" I breathe, needy.

Rolling my head, stars blurring my vision, I can't see much right now. But I feel the bed move. Mattress dip.

While Tyler is still inside me, someone rolls us so that I am on top. I look back and see Donnie hovering over his twin's thighs. He manoeuvres us. I just comply. He is so authoritarian, coming up behind me and pushing me down on his brother, crushing him slightly.

"Take some of his air, Pup. He likes it."

He palms my arse and spreads. "Get a look at that arsehole, Dexter. *So* tight. Look at that pussy. Do you think the pup can take my monster cock, too? With Tyler's?"

My eyes widen. "Huh?"

We have *not* done this.

They barely fit as it is.

Still pumping upwards into me, Tyler's hands slide to my backside, where he helps spread all the flesh for his twin. "Open this pussy, Vallie Baby. Donnie needs it."

I am so overwhelmed, reeling. Scared.

“Daddy is watching,” Dexter growls. “Do you need your daddy to reassure you while you take my twin brothers in the same hole?”

All I can do is nod through my groans.

Dexter stands beside us. Smooth, warm fingers comb through my hair soothingly as Donnie’s cock presses into my already full pussy. Tyler stops pumping while his twin’s huge cock slides alongside his.

I gasp. “Holy. Fuck!”

“*Easy*.” Dexter coos. “That’s it, Baby Girl.”

“You okay, Vallie Baby?” Tyler kisses my lips, but I’m useless, unable to think, respond, or kiss—Breathe.

“She’s fine.” Donnie’s chuckle is dark and menacing—like him. Reaching for my shoulders, he glides his big hands up my neck, creating a collar. He uses my throat to support his movements as he and Tyler start to fuck me in unison.

I. Completely. Unravel. “Fuck, fuck, fuck.”

“Such a greedy pup.” Donnie grunts. “One bone isn’t enough for my wife. She. Needs. Two”—he slams in deep— “shoved inside her.”

Dexter’s fingers smooth down my hair, a cooling trail to my chin. He grips my chin and tilts upwards so he can take my lips. He kisses me as though he is dying of a hunger that only I can satisfy.

“*God*.” I let them use me.

The twins pound me relentlessly. Tyler getting worked up to a pace that matches Donnie, seemingly spurred on by his fierce rhythm. A heavy wave of pleasure builds through me, lifting all my hairs and heating my blood.

Their thrusts are unfaltering.

Relentless.

Perpetual.

Until—

“*Fuck*…” Tyler starts to shudder.

“Fill that pussy, Ty!” Donnie snaps.

Two grunts. Two thrusts. Tyler rubs his length beside his brother’s as he pumps me full of warm spurts of cum.

And the sensation of his throbbing cock explodes my brewing pleasure, dumping me into the depths of another blinding orgasm.

Dexter eats my mouth as I climax. Crying, trembling, yelping to their thrusts, I *fall*—plummet—into exhaustion’s demanding hold.

“That’s my good boy. That’s my good girl.” Donnie grinds, his cock lengthening to ungodly proportions, taking up even more room beside his twin’s as he jerks, tightens, and then fucks me through a roaring climax meant to claim and ravage my senses.

Like I have any left?

My body flops.

Can’t take anymore.

But Dexter wraps me up in his arms, helping me slide from between the twins as they pant and sway, clearly tingling with their own pleasure. Their cocks slide out, and I gasp at being empty. Swelling into the void. Immediately.

“Daddy’s turn to fill you, Baby Girl.”

Oh. Fuck…

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CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

VALLIE

Five months later

I wake to the sound of a thud and deep laughter. Sprawling my arms wide, I stretch and seek a warm body beside mine. It's been five months since Dexter returned, and I am very rarely alone in bed. We have settled into life as a family. As a unit. Always together…

Huh.…

I sit up on the mattress and search my room—Donnie's room. Initially, I moved in here for Molly. For the adoption agency. Mum and Dad. Normality.

Now, it's just what it is. It's also one of the biggest, central, and we all fit in this bed at the same time.

So, *yeah*, *t*his room has all my personal things from the unit, my bookcase with all my favourite books and limited editions. Though I am like a cat—I sleep in every bedroom, and I've had my naked arsehole pressed to most surfaces.

Let's be honest.…

"Where are they?" I mutter to myself, the sound of another thud from above offering me insight. My brows knit. *What are they doing at seven am*

on a Saturday morning?

Scrambling from the mattress, I grab my robe and slippers and wander towards the stairs. I head to the third floor, follow the chatter and thuds down the corridor towards their mum and dad's old room.

I push open the door. "What are you doing?"

"Hey, Baby!" Tyler darts to me and wraps his arms around my middle, lifting me for a few seconds while he kisses me on the lips.

I wave him away. "I haven't brushed my teeth."

"I enjoyed Donnie's lasagne last night, and I'll enjoy it again now," he claims, forcing me to kiss him.

"Gross." I cringe and look across the room.

"Morning, Mum." Molly waves from a corner of the room. She is sitting crossed-legged on the floor, colouring in, with her nightgown still on, and her hair is a blonde sprinkler on her crown.

"Sweet—" Before I can greet her properly, she pops her headphones back over her ears, sticks her tongue out, and uses the pink crayon like it's the only colour that exists— "Pea."

My men are shirtless, indecently virile in their low-hanging denim, sweat sliding down their abdominals as they dismember the gorgeous wooden bed. "What's going on? Besides a TikTok slideshow photo op?"

"That's what we're doing, Baby Girl."

I laugh. "What pornography? Molly is here."

"We're going to set this room up for you to do your book marketing." Dexter squats to lift one side of the mattress while Donnie takes the other, continuing, "It has great light from the east. Best in the house."

What?

"We thought you could put a green screen up here." Tyler rushes to the left wall, my perfectly angelic, blue-eyed dream boy. "And the projector there." He points, and I follow slowly. In a daze. "We could put a nest here, with books and your beanbag." Moving over to a nook in the wall, he says, "You could set up and stage books here. For insta and stuff. And this entire wall" —he stands with his back to me, hands on hips, staring at the largest rear wall in the room that once had the headboard pressed to it— "will be wall-to-wall bookcases."

"I, ah, *hm*." I clear my throat, dislodging my shock. "We don't have that many bookcases—"

"I'll build them," Donnie states, adamant.

Wow. “For real?”

“I’ll build them. Custom, Pup.”

Dexter starts, “I’m rich, I could easily buy her—"

“I’ll. Build. Them,” Donnie repeats.

“Sure.” Dexter smirks, the knee-buckling, pussy soaking smirk of a condescending, wealthy prick. “Fine with me. While you’re building bookcases, you can listen to your wife begging for her daddy’s thick cock.”

Oh, my, God.

I look at Molly, but she’s bopping her head to something in her ears—oblivious.

And then it sinks it.

What they are doing for me… I blink and blink, my eyes roaming the space, imagining the possibilities. I’ve been saving dream libraries on my Pinterest for as long as I can remember… “With a ladder?”

Donnie grins, and, *God*, that grin. “With a ladder.”

“Like Bell!” I beam.

“Who?” He frowns, pretending he hasn’t watched *Beauty and the Beast* with Molly more times than I can count, and turns to pick up a post, avoiding my bright gaze—*averting* it. Every time he fixes something or does something sweet or kind, he does it in the shadows. I enjoy it after the fact. This is usually too open and vulnerable for Donnie Vaughn.

I wrap my arms around his strong waist, pretty confident he is the one who instigated this. “You don’t just want me out of your room, do you? Threatened by all the model covers and bare abdominals?”

His dark brow cocks, unimpressed. “You’re not leaving our room, Pup. Just your book boyfriends. And no, not threatened—*possessive*.”

Warmth moves through me.

“Hey”—Tyler opens his arms— “I helped.”

Turning to face him, smiling hard, I say, “Thank you, Baby.” I look at Dexter. “Thank you, Daddy. This is so exciting. It’ll get my mind off…” My words trail to a sad pause. “Off the other thing.”

They sigh, heavy with empathy.

This is a distraction… The room, the bookcase.

I welcome it. Them. Donnie, Tyler, and Dexter are the best things that have ever happened to me. And they did *happen* to me. They sledgehammered into my peaceful, boring, unfulfilled, lonely existence.

The weirdest, wildest, most-fucked up, and incredible experience of my life.

The Vaughn brothers are not my great ‘what-if’ anymore. They are my forever. My, I didn’t miss a moment, I lived, really lived, each day.

My lower lip wobbles. I regret nothing… A ball of anguish fills my throat, expanding, demanding I recognise it. Nothing except not giving them children of their own from my body.

Ugh.

It is month five of ‘not trying to not’ get pregnant, and each month gets a little bit harder. I am due to get my period soon—though it’s been so irregular. It’s probably bloody sheets and hard fucking tonight to soothe me and help me forget.

Not wanting to ruin the moment, I hide my sudden sadness, staring at the ground.

“I got a stick this time,” Tyler says, crossing the room to stand in front of me. He dips to catch my lowered gaze. “Hey.” He lifts my chin with his finger. “I got the stick so you can pee on it, and then you’ll know now, instead of having to wait each day for your period to decide to show up. It was on the 5th, then the 9th, then the 2nd, then the 7th. I just don’t want you in limbo. Those days suck. I can feel it, baby. Hear it. It’s a C, F-sharp, tritone. It’s unsettling. And I can taste it, too. When I lick your pussy, I can taste how sad you are on those days.”

And there it is. I smile. Somehow, he can soften any situation with his brand of lunacy.

Looking between the three men, I nod once. It makes sense. Get it out of the way each month instead of waiting for that bloody spot to arrive and drive a stake through my hope. “Okay. Let’s go pee on a stick.”

I sit on the toilet lid with my naked thighs peeking out from under Tyler’s shirt. I jig in place, waiting. Patient.

Not so patient.

Hurry up.

Tyler is leaning on the wall opposite me with his thick arms folded over his chest, tattoos and scars moving over his contracting abdominal muscles,

adding to the dark expression drawing his brows in. He glares at the pee-stick as if he's going to snap it in two.

"It's okay, Tyler Baby." I bite my lip to stop it from trembling. "It doesn't matter either way. We can adopt again. Or foster." *God.* Elbows to my knees, I cover my face. "Ugh! I'm sorry. I wish—"

"Baby! *Widor*."

I lift my head and my vision blurs. "What?"

In his hand is the stick. On his face is resounding awe, and I'm too afraid to look away in case it'll change. I refuse to blink away the tears. Too afraid my mind is playing tricks on me. I hold the pools in my eyes.

Tyler's wide, blue gaze flicks from the stick to my face and back again. He presents it to me, as if it actually were the infant, with caution and possessiveness.

"It's positive, Baby."

Rising to my feet, I take it.

As I look at the test, tears rush down my face.

Tyler lifts me up for a cuddle. "Vallie, Vallie, Vallie, yes!" I squeal. "Whoops. Gotta go easy. All my favourite songs combined." He sets me down, greeting me with his stunning grin. I've seen this grin so many times, and for so many insane and dubious reasons.

But this one is different.

Not because it looks wider or shines brighter than before. Just because it's the grin I received when I first found out I was pregnant.

Tyler guides me from the room. "We have to tell them!" And I blink, slow, processing. "There is so much to do."

"Right. Um, a doctor. A pregnancy doctor, and erm." My brain stops working. *Pregnant.* I end up back in their parents' old room and look at Donnie and Dexter. Wide-eyed.

Donnie is squatting by a post when he notices me, lowers the drill in his hand, and rises slowly to his feet. "What? What is wrong, Pup?"

"I, um."

Dexter frowns. "Baby girl?"

"I'm pregnant." My shock breaks into a bright smile. "I'm pregnant. We're pregnant. Are you happy? Are you ready? Please be ready—"

Dexter is beside me before I can start freaking out. "Baby Girl." He cups my cheeks and kisses my forehead, then my cheeks and lips. "Relax. Daddy has this. This is wonderful. I'm— *We're* ready. I already have an

obstetrician picked. You're on the full gold hospital cover. We are ready for you, Baby Girl. Whatever you need, whenever you need it."

I nod, my breath in my throat, as I gaze at Donnie, who has the most stunning smile on his face. He looks younger, and yet… So grounded. "Congratulations, Pup."

"And to you." I inhale and sigh with happiness.

Molly jumps to her feet and grips her hips, sass rushing from her. "Why is everyone looking at my mum like that?"

I drop to my haunches so that we're eye level as she approaches. "Molly." Gripping her shoulders, I say, "Mummy might have a baby in her belly. It's still early—"

"Really?" she squeaks, her cheeks look as though they may pop open under the pressure of her excitement.

"Yes, Sweet Pea. But it is *early.* Very early. So, it is still a secret. And we have to cross our fingers that it will all go smoothly. Sometimes—"

"I have to redo my drawings sometimes," she cuts in. "Is it like that? You might have to erase it and redraw?"

Sure. I nod, just happy she made that easy for me. "Exactly. Just send me lots of positive vibes."

She pulls me into a tight embrace, her voice muffled against my hair. "I'm going to be the best big sister, I promise."

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CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

Six months later

Donnie

My wife is thick.

She's always been the kind of woman who has the best bits in abundance. Men are rendered speechless when she enters a room, and boys are spellbound by the way her body moves as she crosses it. Unlike them, unlike men, just entirely all-natural female.

Vallie's pregnancy started to bloom this month, and I'm. Fucking. Obsessed with her stomach. Tyler buries himself in those fucking, unbelievable tits, but I am hard as a rock every time I see the smooth skin poking out from under her too-small shirts. Nothing fits her right. And thank fuck for that.

I'd hate her to drown her shape in fabric. Not when it displays the body that carries our first-born Vaughn boy.

"What are you doing?" She tracks my movements as I circle her while she sits naked, cross-legged on the floor, then flicks her head back to follow Dexter, then Tyler. We prowl around our pregnant woman, wearing only our briefs.

We soak in her luscious figure. Wrists tied together with soft, faux leather. Each dimple in her thick as fuck thighs. The heavy curve of each full breast. Sweat slides between the two mounds. Her stomach protrudes.

Fuck.

Dexter rubs his cock through the fabric. “Are you comfortable, Baby Girl? Do you need some water before we start? Remember your safe word.”

Vallie glances at the cushion below her backside, shuffling and nodding. “I’m fine.” She frowns at me. “What are you playing at, Donnie? Answer me.”

Tyler stops in front of her and bites his lower lip. The depth of his depraved thoughts darkens his eyes. “I’ve been wanting to do this for months, Vallie Baby.” He slides his hand down his briefs and begins to stroke himself. Humming, he grins, menacing and dark, animalistic. I get it. Her body, her shape, that fucking stomach, it makes us carnal. Fucking out of our minds. Possessive. Over the top feral.

She swallows. “You’re scaring me a little.”

“Don’t be scared, Pup.” I grin, blood roaring through the veins that cord my cock. I need to come on her. I need to paint her pretty face and her smooth, stretched belly. “We just want to look at what is *ours*. Look at what we did to you. Filled you up. Swollen. Flushed. Bursting. Your tits, your stomach, all *so* fucking ours.”

I stop beside her, spread my legs, and pull my throbbing cock out. Her eyes flare, her tongue darting between pink lips to lick the tip. I pull my cock away from my hungry Pup. “No, no. Not yet. Drool for your bone.” Teasing her, I stroke up and down, slowly.

My eyes roam her body, taking in her every inch.

Precum beads on the crown of my cock; I use it to lather my length. Slow. Hard.

Vallie

My pulse vibrates in my neck.

Dexter stops on the other side of me, peering down, smooth and domineering, as he drags his heavy erection out.

Turning from Donnie, I lick my lips at the sight of Dexter’s cock already leaking. I want to lick it. I want them *all* in my mouth.

I need to do something.

Not just be a centrepiece.

Damn these ties. I fight the restraints. They says I can't be trusted to remain still, that I am more self-conscious, often covering my large stomach with my arms.

Bastards.

Dexter squeezes the base until the head flushes red and then tugs upward, groaning. "Oh, Baby Girl. You look so pretty. I can't deny you. Do you want to lick Daddy's dick?"

My head drops backward on a moan.

I forget… Being vulnerable. "Yes."

Daddy. Daddy. *Daddy.*

He wipes the tip along my lips. *Thank you.* My pussy leaks onto the cushion as he rubs the swollen bulb the length of my lips from left to right.

And I'm burning up. I'm hot, so damn hot.

He is smearing my saliva, pushing his cock between my lips and popping the tip out. "Nice and wet. Good girl."

Tyler stops in front of me, his hand down his pants, clearly enjoying jerking his cock beneath the fabric. A wet patch spreads through the grey cotton, darkening it with precum. "We're going to jerk off on our property, Vallie Baby."

Donnie grabs my chin, yanking my still-open mouth from Dexter's cock. Saliva drips from my lips.

"Drooling nicely." Donnie shoves his cock into my open mouth, using my chin to guide the movement. I can feel Dexter's cock on my other cheek. Feel his fist pumping.

When Donnie lets my jaw go, I turn and lick the vein pulsing up Dexter's cock. He likes it when I am slow and attentive, submissive and sweet for him.

I return to Donnie. Hollowing my mouth, I take him deep and fierce. He likes me greedy and insatiable for him.

I move from one to the other.

Work them both the way they like.

Overcome, I try my best to pleasure them both.

My nipples harden to the point of anguish.

My jaw aches as I suck and lick and moan.

So aroused, I lift—

Yelping, my head is wrenched backwards. Donnie's fist now holds me. Still. As they both slide their cocks into my mouth, my eyes fill with tears. Lips stretch around their large, warm crowns.

"*Easy*, Baby Girl." Dexter pants. "Breathe through your nose while your husband and daddy get nice and wet in your saliva. That's it. Just like that."

Tyler

Sharp breaths score my lungs as I pull my cock free of my briefs and choke the fuck out of it, humming to Widor. Feeling wild.

For her.

Vallie is mine. Ours. She tries so hard for us. So perfect. Unravelling. In love. Her belly shakes as she tries to suck them both between her lips. Her tits are so heavy and round.

They look painful.

Poor Vallie Baby.

I jerk off as I watch.

Squeeze.

Hiss.

Widor.

It's beautiful.

Those tits. I want to soothe them. I'm going to suck her milk when she lactates. I'm going to fuck her pussy, fill her with my cum, and suck on her tits until she leaks warm milk into my mouth at the same time.

We'll culminate together.

A crescendo.

The thought fires heat through my abdomen. I squeeze and milk myself. Desperate. Need to come.

Black and blue tendrils of masculine desire pulse around us to the deep, erotic tempo of my brothers' grunts and groans. My bones feel the beat. Donnie and Dexter pull their cocks out to let her breathe.

They care.

Her teary eyes find me.

I smile softly down at her. "Hello, baby. You look so fucking beautiful when you're squirming, flushing, needy, and *so* fucking pregnant."

Her gaze levels, landing on my cock, filling with affection. For my cock. And they call me depraved. She likes my scars, the crisscross ones from when I tried to cut the dirty parts of me out.

She loves my dirty parts.

“Scars are sexy.” I grin. “Hey, my Vallie Baby? You like mine. My angry, ribbed cock.”

“*Please*.” She nods, overwhelmed.

A bead of sweat slides down her forehead, her cheeks glow, hot, and her body sways with need, wanting something to alleviate the pressure inside her pussy.

I can tell.

I hear soft piano keys build.

The ivories sing.

My vision blurs.

I need to come. On her. Pleasure brews in my balls like boiling water, her hot gaze on my cock drawing them up. Fuelling my orgasm, her attention on my fist becomes tangible. Real. Tight. *Yes.*

She wants me.

She’s mine.

Vallie. Vallie. Vallie. Yes.

Dexter

Bicep trembling, I work my cock from root to head and back. I never imagined doing something like this with my little brothers. Never imagined sharing a woman with them in this way. They do that. They are the same person at heart. Their twin connection runs deep.

I am the outsider.

But not anymore.

And it works.

Rolling my hand around the crown of my cock, I give myself a moment, but damn, she looks stunning. My shoulders bunch, tighten, and I begin jerking my cock to a relentless rhythm.

Tyler drops his head back, close. He groans to the ceiling. “I’ll make my sweet Vallie Baby squirt once we cover you in cum. Don’t worry. Tyler won’t leave you without.”

Gazing down at her, I follow the curve of her breasts as they rest atop her stomach, down to where her pregnant mound meets her thighs. I did that. *We* did that. There is no mistaking that this woman is owned. Claimed. Ours.

"How is my Baby Girl feeling? Being the centre of our fantasies, the luscious figure we jerk off to. Now. And when we sleep. Have wet dreams about your wild cunt. Your flexing arsehole." My thighs pulse, and she moans at my words. "We spread you open daily. Eat your juices. And you let us take and take. Such a good girl for your men."

Her eyelashes flutter, weighed by the dark arousal in my heated words.

She groans. "I need to touch myself."

But she can't. She can barely reach these days.

Donnie makes her beg.

Tyler leaps to her every demand.

I only require manners, and I'm at her beck and call.

"We will take turns…" I grunt, close. *So* close. I look at Donnie, who is heaving, eyes basically penetrating her, crawling inside her flesh. Grabbing her.

I continue, panting through a tight jaw that holds my groan, my climax. "Take. Turns. To. Lick your sweet cunt."

Blood roars through my veins to my cock, inflating it further, and I can't — Can't stop. I blow my load on her face, slashing her lips with white cum.

"Oh. Fuck. G- Good girl." My head swims.

Tyler suddenly lets loose, his arm still frantic on his cock, violently wringing the cum from his balls. He comes on her tits, painting her nipples with strings of white.

"Jesus. Fuck," Tyler grits out.

Donnie steps over her, angling his cock down and pumping it. Through a long, deep growl, he spurts hotly over her stomach, exploding over the swollen flesh, claiming it.

"You milk my cock with just your eyes, Pup."

My brothers and I step backward, panting, heaving, shuddering. Our cocks hang at half mast, dangling between our thighs, dripping. Drained.

I look at our masterpiece.

Painted, defiled in our cum.

"Stunning, Baby Girl."

"I'm in love." Tyler hums.

“My Curvy Thirteen.”

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CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

VALLIE

Two years later

"Dad, this is Ryan.” Molly and a small boy approach us as their band filters out into the crowd, the music students embracing their proud parents. Claps still echo, along with, ‘You were amazing’ and ‘I’m so proud.’ A room filled with praise and excitement.

It is their opening night.

Well deserved; it was spectacular.

"*Hm*,” I hear Donnie’s grunt-hum come from beside me as he stares down his lashes at the red-faced blonde kid Molly is clutching to. If looks could burn, that kid’s arm would be ash.

"Nice to meet you, Ryan.” I press between them, tapping his shoulder lightly. It’s weird touching other people’s kids. I never know if it’s okay or not. “You were wonderful up there. Do you take guitar lessons?"

"Yes.” He nods and smiles at Molly. Adorable. “Every Tuesday and Thursday, but I practise every day.”

"I do, too!" Molly declares dreamily.

Well, it must be love.

Donnie makes a noise again. “Hm."

Families move around, weaving between chairs and the aisles as they greet and converse.

Tyler and Dexter appear behind me, warm, large bodies creating a firm wall I love to disappear into.

Turning around, I stroke my finger down Bowie's cheek. He is sleeping, tucked into a harness on Tyler's chest, looking tiny alongside the Vaughn brothers.

"If you don't mind, Mr, erm, Mr Vaughn."

Oh crap.

I look back at this poor kid as he stares, wide-eyed up at the huge, unsmiling Donnie and fumbles for words. "I mean, *sir*, my parents—" Ryan points to a neatly dressed, cardigan-wearing couple. I look at her neck, expecting to see pearls or rosaries. "They want to meet you and Mrs Vaughn."

Donnie folds his arms over his chest. "Why?"

"*Donnie*." I nudge him.

"*Oh*, Donald, step aside—" Kathleen pushes her way through the Vaughn brothers and makes herself the front for our family. "It's lovely to meet you." She shakes the couple's hands, firm and matriarchal. "I'm Kathleen." Smoothly, like the queen of England, she gestures over her shoulder to us. "This is Vallie, Dexter, Tyler, and Donald. And this little angel is Bowie. Like the singer, or so I'm told."

"Oh, *jeez.* It is truly lovely to meet you all," the man says. "I'm Colin. This is Ruth. Our boy, Ryan, has been asking for playdates for a while, but we know you're unsure. We thought if you met us." He beams with perfect teeth and bright eyes. He gets a lot of sleep. Very wholesome… "You'd see we are normal. Just normal people. Like you."

I spit out a laugh but clear it away.

A provocative curve forms on Donnie's lips. *Oh, fuck, what is he thinking?* He finally leans forward, shaking Colin's hand. "I'm the dad."

Tyler follows. "So am I."

Handshake.

Then Dexter. "So am I."

Handshake.

Oh. My. God.

Colin's smile freezes. "Oh."

Embarrassment like I’ve never felt before floods me from head to toe, building my olive skin to an unmistakable scarlet hue. This is not happening. I gaze around the room filled with normal couples. Couples. *Two.* Not four and a non-related older lady Donnie held hostage and fed pears to.

Behind Colin, Ruth swallows nervously, lightly patting her husband on the arm. "It's 2024, Col, please." Each pat of her slim, manicured hand offers him a clear message.

I cringe internally but try to bring us back to a path that might not condemn Molly. "Ryan was amazing up there. Very skilled. We are a family that loves music, too.”

"Yes, well.” Colin is still bouncing his gaze between the four of us. I can see the cogs in his mind processing and questioning this information. “He, ah, he practises most nights. Ah, every night.”

Awkward.

I sigh. "That's good."

"Come on, Ryan.” Colin waves his son over, and I can hear the “quickly” grit through his tone. “Nice to meet you, Vallie, Donald, and, um, Kathleen."

Donnie straightens. “Hm."

“Well, that was embarrassing.” I look at Tyler and Dexter, who didn’t have to come on so strong. “We could get to know people before we decide to throw this in their faces.”

“Oh, dear, she is jealous.” Kathleen loops her arm with Tyler’s and coos at Bowie. “And he is too, probably. I would wager. I’m quite the catch. Come along.”

Gazing at Donnie with his frown, eyes fixed on Molly, then to Tyler with Bowie strapped to his chest, to Dexter as he places his hand on my lower stomach, cradling the unborn baby inside, to the top of Molly’s head, the little girl who taught me how to be a mum, I smile.

Then I laugh.

I have no idea how I got here.

The past three years with the Vaughn brothers were like a tidal wave that picked me up and washed me around. I never want to jump off.

I hope we are old and wrinkly and fucking each other like fiends. I hope they stay together—brothers. I hope Molly becomes the most impressive individual who isn’t afraid of her talent or being vulnerable, or being tough.

Hope Bowie grows up to be just like his dads… Well, perhaps I'll improve his sense of right and wrong.

No breaking and entering.

No holding anyone hostage.

Unless she is a dark romance girlie…

THE END

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NICCI WHO?

Nicci is an Amazon number 1 best-selling author in Women's Crime Fiction, Organised Crime, Romantic Er0tica, and Romantic Suspense.

Nicci is from Perth, Western Australia. She has lived many lives. Vet Nurse. Journalist. Barista. Corporate Sales Consultant. Mother.

Now she is a fulltime author, and she lives even more lives. Mafia Don. Ballerina. Doctor. Biker. CEO. Concert Pianist, to name a few.

She considers herself an independent woman... BUT all that womanly power goes out the window when her red flag-waving, morally grey heroes appear on page...

She writes about men who kill, who control, who take their women like it's their last breath, pinning them down and whispering "good girl" and "mine" and "you belong to me" and all the red flag utterances that would have most independent women rolling their eyes so hard they see their brains.

So... if you don't like that... if you don't like reading about controlling, over the top possessive men... then don't read her books. You won't like them. But Nicci wants both. She wants her cake and to have a six-foot-five, tattooed, alphamale to eat it with her.

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